

IDEAS.

The story is told, says an exchange, of a lady who, for a time, kept a list of impending troubles. Some months later, in looking over the list, he was surprised to find that nine-tenths of these troubles had never materialized. They had an existence only in her imagination.

TAKE NOTICE.

A ten days' meeting will be held at the Glad Christian church beginning Saturday night.

A good program for a Teacher's Association to be held at Silver Creek school house, Saturday, Aug. 29, is now out. A basket dinner is included in the program.

On Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at the Union church Prof. L. V. Dodge and Mrs. Isabella J. King will give a report of the State Sunday-school Convention recently held at Lexington, Ky. There will be no preaching.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

London, Aug. 22.—Lord Salisbury, former Prime Minister of England, died this afternoon.

Fighting continues in Macedonia, and the insurgents are said to be getting the best of it.

King Edward, in a tribute to the late Lord Salisbury, referred to him as a great statesman who had rendered Queen Victoria, the King and his country invaluable services.

The Columbian Congress is preparing to reopen negotiations for a Panama canal treaty. It is now understood that the first treaty was disapproved, and not rejected, by Columbia.

Gov. Dole and the other territorial officers of Hawaii have decided to try to float the \$2,000,000 loan authorized by the last Legislature. They believe the Honolulu banks will take the entire issue.

The Pan-American Railroad Company has been incorporated with a capital of \$250,000,000. It proposes to build a road 10,000 miles long extending north and south through North America, Mexico, Central and South America.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Reliance easily won from Shamrock III. in the second yacht race.

The G. A. R. closed its thirty-seventh encampment at San Francisco Friday last.

Gen. John C. Black, of Illinois, was elected Commander-in-Chief of the National G. A. R. in session at San Francisco. The encampment will be held next year in Boston.

The world's trotting record for horses was broken Monday when Lou Dillon went a mile in 2:00 minutes flat on the track at Readville, Mass. This lowers the record 24 seconds.

Secretary of War Elihu H. Root sailed for England Friday, pointing out before his departure that he can not be a candidate for Vice-President on the Roosevelt ticket because both men are from the same State.

According to the census of 1900 it is shown that the United States in the preceding ten years had increased in population faster than any other country except Argentine, South America. The increase in the Southern States was faster than that in the Northern.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

About thirty new witnesses have been recognized and sworn in the Power's case at Georgetown.

Thomas T. Dudley, a prominent citizen of Madison county, was thrown from his buggy and instantly killed in a runaway.

It is announced at Georgetown that Caleb Powers has decided to make an argument to the jury in his own defense before the close of the trial now pending.

Francis J. Hagan, a prominent citizen of Bullitt county, was shot and wounded by unknown assailants early Friday morning at his home near Shepherdsville.

At the request of prominent Republicans, District Attorney R. D. Hill has drawn two bills providing for the punishment of persons who interfere with the voting of negroes in Federal elections. The bills will be introduced in Congress by Representative Vincent Boering from the Eleventh district of Kentucky.



HERR BEBEL, THE BRAINY LEADER OF GERMANY'S GROWING ARMY OF SOCIALISTS.

Ferdinand August Bebel has built up the Socialist party in Germany to such an extent that it now controls one-third of the voters of the Kaiser's country. At the recent election the increase in the Socialist vote over that of 1898 was between 800,000 and 900,000. Herr Bebel, who is now a veteran of sixty-three, often attacks the Kaiser in his speeches and has spent fifty-seven months behind prison bars for his principles. Since the death of Herr Liebknecht, Bebel has been recognized leader of the Socialist party, and when he speaks in the Reichstag he attracts much attention.

HONOR OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE.

Wm. McCullough, p., Md. I.
George Muse, p., Va. I.
Alex. McCoy, p., Pa. I.
Wm. Stoker, p., Va. I.
Samuel Strahan, p., Pa. I.
Andrew Wilson, p., Pa. I.

(Continued.)

Article 8, Invalid Pensioners in Mountain Counties in 1884. We continue the list of invalid pensioners in 1884. Many persons will find here the names of their great grandfathers. These lists should be cut out and laid away for reference.

p equals private.
C. Corporal.
d. dragoon.
L. Lieutenant.
m. militia.
S. Sergeant.
v. volunteers.
I. Infantry.
A. Artillery.
L. Line.
Dr. Drummer.
Rev. a. Revolutionary army.

PULASKI COUNTY.

Samuel Newell, L., Campbell's regiment.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

James Dysart, captain, Rev. a.

WAYNE COUNTY.

James S. Davis, p., 17th U. S. I.

William Sutherland, 17th U. S. I.

WHITLEY COUNTY.

Michael Stevens, p., 24th U. S. I.

Heirs who had Five Years half pay in lieu of bounty lands.

MADISON COUNTY.

Sally Wells, heir of Thomas K. Wells, p., 17th I.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Eleanor McCord, heir of Alex. McCord, C., 28th I.

WAYNE COUNTY.

Betsey, John, Polly, Harmon and Henry Brown, heirs of Henry Brown, p., 17th I.

Pensions listed under Act of March, 1818.

CLAY COUNTY.

Wm. Jacobs, p., Va. I.

Jacob Seaborn, p., Va. I.

Samuel Wood, p., Md. I.

ESTILL COUNTY.

James Best, p., Va. I.

Tandy Hartman, p., Va. I.

Thomas Harris, p., Va. I.

Israel Meadows, p., Va. I.

James McChristy, p., Va. I.

Zachariah Phillips, p., N. C. I.

William Styvers, p., Va. I.

Lawrence Ward, p., Va. I.

FLEMING COUNTY.

Edward Bavor, S., N. Y. I.

William Boyd, p., Washington, L. G.

William Combs, S., Va. I.

John Collins, p., Va. I.

William Davis, p., Va. I.

William Estill, p., Pa. I.

John Finley, Brig. Maj., Pa. I.

Benj. Hennis, p., Md. I.

Philip Helphinstine, p., Va. I.

Peter Kendall, p., Va. I.

Thos. McAtinney, p., Pa. I.

Guion McKee, p., Pa. I.

The Bible College of Kentucky University has received a \$30,000 donation from Mr. C. L. Garth, of Scott county, for the purpose of educating young men for the ministry. The funds are to be placed in the hands of a trust committee.

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Circulation 2,000

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Spring and Summer
Goods

at the Hustling Cash Store

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Greatly reduced prices on all
Summer dress goods,
wash goods, white goods,
ginghams, embroideries,
laces, etc. Ladies' shoes
and slippers, men's low
cuts and slippers, and
gent's clothing and hats.

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to be well dressed must select his col-
lars, cuffs, neckwear, shirts, hose, under-
wear, hats, and

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them from our stock and you will make
no mistake. We see to it that our
store contains nothing but what is up-
to-date and in good taste.

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Shoes for men and boys and Queen
Quality shoes for women.

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2 1/2 miles north of Berea. A good
house, good orchard, plenty of water,
plenty of timber for fencing and fuel.
\$4 acres in tract. Will sell as a whole
or in two pieces to suit purchaser.
Call or write

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Berea, Ky.

J. J. Brannaman

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Groceries, Dry Goods and Notions,
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been building our rep-
utation as high-class Jew-
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you should call in person.
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call to see us when in
the city.

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The CITIZEN, an 8
page weekly, \$1 a year.

THE CITIZEN.

JAMES M. RACER, Publisher.

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

The Triumph of Mickey

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Star Pub. Co.)

FOR months there had been the keenest rivalry between Mickey Flynt and Charlie Hastings as to which should be leader among the boys of No. 10 school. Mickey was the best baseball and football player, but he had only his own resources to rely upon. Charlie had unlimited pocket money. He bought the "sure league" ball used by the team, the school eleven football, the sticks for the hockey team, but Mickey's personal physical qualifications and cheery good nature had gradually won against these handicaps. He could feel that he was attaining an enviable ascendancy among the other boys. Then fate, against which neither gods, men or small boys can fight, intervened and suddenly gave Charlie a halo of glory which it



"A FOURTH ALARM" THAT MEANT A BIG BLAZE.

seemed no mere boy, even the best pitcher in that district, could hope to attain.

Charlie was running home from school, his speed being increased by the fact that Mickey, on vengeance bent, was following after, when at the corner he ran into a short, thick-set gentleman with a square jaw and a very short neck. The shock of the collision threw the boy to the sidewalk. For an instant the thick-set gentleman looked decidedly ugly. But while carefree of his personal dignity and proud of his record "Kid" Evans was not ill-natured—out of the ring. Reaching down he lifted the prostrate boy to his feet, apparently without in the least exerting himself. Then he patted the much-to-be-envied Charlie on the head.

"Dere, dere, my lad," he said, in tones of kindly condescension. "You're aint hurt. Here's a quarter for you. An' de next time try to run down some one of your size, not a lightweight champene."

Then the great man resumed his stroll, leaving Charlie in a bewildered daze of glory. "Kid" Evans, the lightweight champion, the honored and envied of every boy in that ward, had spoken to him, had patted him on the head, had given him a quarter. Could a ten-year-old boy with athletic ambitions ever attain higher honor?

But the heart of Mickey Flynt was filled with deepest gloom. His rival had beaten him, had won glory to which he could not hope to attain. Since, indeed, the famous "Kid" Evans had said hello to him. On the strength of this honor Mickey had strutted and paraded among his envious fellows for a week. But the noted Charlie Hastings had been patted on the head and addressed personally by the great man. Mickey felt that his leadership was over. There was no use to contend against one on whom such gifts were shown.

GO AHEAD.

If the prairie and the woodland coax your feet, why go ahead! Don't stay cooped up in the city from the country ways and cool!

Hold to moods that promise pleasure, for you'll be a long time dead,

Go and dream away your longings in the shadows by the pool;

Go and hear the fieldlark's singing as it rises on the wing;

Go an' drink just like you used to from a bubbling wayside spring.

NOTES ON THE MULE.

It is now well known that rats have been the medium of spreading plague, and in infested districts the dead bodies of these vermin have been found in great numbers. According to a correspondent of the London Post, the Japanese officials at Kobe lately ordered all rats to be destroyed, and have distributed packages of poison in order that the edict may be carried out. These packages bear instructions printed in Japanese, German and English. The wording of the latter is rather peculiar: "Eat not the contents, for it is forbidden. If anybody, by carelessness, eats of them, let him report at once to the nearest policeman, and if none is to be found, then report to the coroner. If any arsenic is left over by the rats, notify the police, who will remove it. Give notice to the rats that they must not die in their holes, as the latter is forbidden under the heaviest penalties."

Don't I know you had a sweet heart in them far off days you knew?

I kin see her plain as preachin' with her tangy, windblown hair,

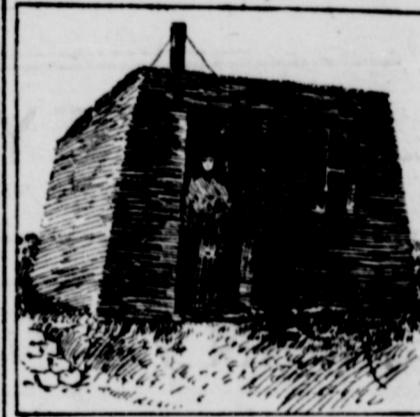
Glandin', arms plum full o' daisies, by a windin' country road.



WESTERN FARM LIFE.

It is Not Always Pleasant and the Wives of Pioneers Are the Chief Sufferers.

Many farmers' wives in the east hardly realize the comfort that surrounds them, even in an old-fashioned house with few modern conveniences, as compared with the privations encountered on some of the virgin prairies. It is true that communities build up rapidly in the great west, and the sod house of one generation soon gives way to the convenient modern dwelling of the next, but life is hard for every pioneer, and some of its greatest trials fall to the women. A witty woman once observed that her sympathies were not so much with the Pilgrim Fathers as with their wives; they endured all the hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers did, and the Pilgrim Fathers, too! In like manner, when we read of the courageous home-steaders who fight drought and cloud-bursts, grasshoppers and blizzards, until



NEBRASKA SOD HOUSE.

the virgin prairie is harnessed to its work of feeding the world, we think of lonely women, like the one who stands in front of that pitiful little sod house in Nebraska, shown in the cut. Our friends tell us that a sod house or a dugout is often very comfortable, but the housekeeper has to renounce many things that she thought necessities in the tree-embowered home "back east."

But it was the very bigness and length of the truck which saved Mickey. By a cunning little swerve, possibly only to a trained driver of fire horses, the front wheels turned a little to the right. Mickey was safe from them. But he could not turn back, and a second later he would be struck by the rear wheels of the big machine.

Then, before the boy realized what was happening, one of the firemen clinging to the side steps of the truck reached down, grabbed Mickey by the collar and with a powerful jerk fairly hurled him out of harm and up on the body of the truck. There was no possibility of stopping.

And half lying, half held by the firemen, Mickey Flynt went to the fire, not running along the sidewalks as common boys did, but carried on the swaying, jouncing top of Truck 4, the biggest truck in the city.

When Mickey reached the school yard the next morning his bearing was that of a conquering hero. Not only had he enjoyed the honor of riding to the great fire on Truck 4, but his name had been in the paper, even in big type in the headlines. Mickey wondered how much bliss a boy could stand and live. In front of the school house Charlie Hastings was proudly holding forth to a group of admirers.

"And 'Kid' Evans, the champion, patted me on the head and says, 'run along, you're aint hurt, and gives me a quarter!'" And he exhibited the quarter, the badge of honor, far too precious to be lightly squandered.

But Mickey only looked with amused scorn at his late rival, now, left far behind in the race for glory. He himself had reached such heights he could be magnanimous.

"Dat's right," he assented. "Evans," in patronizing tones, "always is good to little fellows. And it's a nice thing for Charlie here dat he spoke to him. Course, though it ain't in the same class with riding to fires on the trucks, especially on big Truck 4."

Just then the fire engines rushed down the nearby avenue. Ordinarily Mickey would have dashed wildly in pursuit. Now he was too crushed to even walk fast. Fires? What was the use in running to them? They were common. But recognition by "Kid" Evans? And Mickey felt the iron of the world's injustice burn into his soul.

But the fire engines and hose carts continued to rush to the fire. Then the reserves from the neighboring precinct station left the station house on the run. Mickey knew exactly to which districts the reserves from every station on that side of the city responded. The present fire must be a big one, or this particular force of reserves would not respond. Then he overheard one of the hurrying patrolmen say something about a "fourth alarm."

"A fourth alarm!" That meant a big blaze.

"De fourth alarm, fellows! De fourth alarm," he called wildly to the boys who were hurrying from the school house. "De biggest' fire in years."

And momentarily forgetful of the honors which had been showered on his rival he dashed at full speed towards the avenue.

By this time the police had cleared the avenue and from all the fire houses in that section of the city engines, hose carts and big hook and ladder trucks were hurrying. When a response is made to a fourth alarm there is no holding back of the great heroes, no waiting to see if teams and people are out of the way. The trucks and engines come with a terrific rush which means destruction to any tardy wagon or reckless pedestrian, who does not look out for himself. Down the avenue Hose 7 and Truck 4, which carried the big expansion ladder, were dashing as fast as their powerful galloping teams could take them. The sidewalks were crowded and in his hurry to arrive at the big fire Mickey darted out into the street and began to run in the direction taken by the fire engines.

Suddenly a shout told him of his danger. Hose 7, with its big grays, was almost on him. It was impossible for Mickey to reach the sidewalk. Terrified, he ran farther out into the street. And this brought him directly in the path of the big hook and ladder truck.

Then, before the boy realized what was happening, one of the firemen clinging to the side steps of the truck reached down, grabbed Mickey by the collar and with a powerful jerk fairly hurled him out of harm and up on the body of the truck. There was no possibility of stopping.

And half lying, half held by the firemen, Mickey Flynt went to the fire, not running along the sidewalks as common boys did, but carried on the swaying, jouncing top of Truck 4, the biggest truck in the city.

CUTTING AND FEEDING CORN.

How a Farmer Can Obtain Full Benefit of His Crop Explained by an Agriculturist.

No farmer receives the full benefit from his crop unless he feeds both the fodder and grain, writes Fred H. Suhre, in Orange Judd Farmer. The best plan is to purchase a corn binder and cut the crop with it. My experience proves that it is cheaper than to have it cut by hand. One man with a machine can cut six to eight acres a day, and two men can shock it. Corn cut this way and bound in bundles is easier handled, whether hauled to a shredder or husked by hand. I have a feed cutter and a four-horse sweep power, with which I used to cut my fodder, but I found that I can have this work done cheaper and better with a combined husker and shredder.

My cattle waste less shredded fodder than they do good clover hay. I never plan to fatten my cattle on grain, but intend to feed enough to keep them in good growing condition, so they will fatten readily when turned on grass.

I live three miles from a mill where I can have my corn ground on a corn and cob grinder for seven cents per 100 pounds. This mill will grind about 30 bushels an hour, therefore I never have to wait very long when getting a load of corn ground. This is much cheaper for me than to have a mill of my own, for I think that to do a good job of grinding power should be had from a steam or gasoline engine, the cost of which is too much for me, as I seldom have over 25 cattle, old and young.

Every intelligent farmer knows it pays to feed some grain to cattle in winter, but about the first of January, when the corn gets hard and dry, some of my cows will not eat it on cob, therefore I must have it ground. I believe if it is ground with the cob it is more easily digested than corn meal. Cattle not being fed heavily, eat their grain rapidly. If corn is fed on the cob, I think enough is wasted to more than pay for grinding.

With her lips a-pout for kisses—ah, her brow was more than fair.

And I'm missing of her with you! Ay, I'll miss her till I'm dead!

And I feel like playing hokey out where Dreamland's ways are spread!

J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

RATS AND PLAGUE.

Means Employed in Japan to Wipe Out the Disease-Spreading Rodents.

It is now well known that rats have been the medium of spreading plague, and in infested districts the dead bodies of these vermin have been found in great numbers. According to a correspondent of the London Post, the Japanese officials at Kobe lately ordered all rats to be destroyed, and have distributed packages of poison in order that the edict may be carried out. These packages bear instructions printed in Japanese, German and English. The wording of the latter is rather peculiar: "Eat not the contents, for it is forbidden. If anybody, by carelessness, eats of them, let him report at once to the nearest policeman, and if none is to be found, then report to the coroner. If any arsenic is left over by the rats, notify the police, who will remove it. Give notice to the rats that they must not die in their holes, as the latter is forbidden under the heaviest penalties."

Don't I know you had a sweet heart in them far off days you knew?

I kin see her plain as preachin' with her tangy, windblown hair,

Glandin', arms plum full o' daisies, by a windin' country road.

USE OF FERTILIZERS.

It is a Problem That Western Farmers Are Now Facing and Will Continue to Face.

What is a fertilizer? It is anything added to the soil to increase the amount of plant food in it or to make available that plant food. There are 14 elements entering into plant growth, but ten of these are used in such small quantities by the plants and are so abundant in the soil that they are seldom taken into consideration in the discussion of plant food. The four that are considered are calcium, phosphorus, nitrogen and potassium. Calcium in combination with water forms lime. Calcium is so cheap, in the form of gypsum and lime, that it is seldom mentioned in connection with commercial fertilizers. Nevertheless, the soil surveys are showing that millions of acres of land are bearing half crops because they are too acid, needing but the application of lime to enable them to bear full crops. We have thought too little of lime simply because it was so abundant and cheap.

Phosphorus, potash and nitrogen are the three elements that we find most difficult to secure. Sometimes the land becomes so depleted of a certain element that the cost of resupplying it is almost prohibitive. Thus, Prof. Hopkins, of the Illinois Agricultural College, says that some of the stock-raising farms of Illinois have been so exhausted of phosphorus that it will require an expenditure of \$50 per acre to bring them back to their virgin state, as to soil content of phosphates.

The question of fertilizers in soils is one that must interest farmers to a greater extent than it has in the past. The increase of our population points out the end of a system that depended on getting new virgin soil when that occupied had been exhausted of its fertility. The supply of fertility in a soil should be as carefully reckoned for as should the capital in the vaults of a banker. The use of fertilizers is a matter that our western farmers are now facing and will continue to face. It will be easier to put on a little each year and thus keep up the farm than to wait till a certain element is exhausted and then attempt to supply it.—Farmers' Review.

CHARCOAL FOR HENS.

Promotes Digestion and Appetite and is Said to Stimulate Production of Eggs.

The hen in confinement must have careful feeding to keep her in health. Charcoal is cleansing to the system and promotes digestion and appetite. A simple device for securing charcoal from the ashes of any wood fire is quickly made out of a codfish box.

To make the little sifter shown in the drawing, pry the bottom from one of the 4½ by eight-inch boxes in which



HANDY CHARCOAL SIFTER.

fish is bought. Cut a piece of netting (from a worn-out ash sifter will do) about five inches square. Tack this over the bottom of the box at one end, using double pointed tacks. Bend the edges of the netting up against the box on the outside, then tack the bottom of the box on again, letting it just cover the netting and project 4½ inches or so beyond the box. This forms a handle, and a piece of cord passed through two holes and tied to form a loop makes it possible to hang over the sifter.

This sifter seems a small and slight affair, but it works much better than a big one into which several quarts of ashes would be dumped at once. Armed with an old pan and a fire shovel, putting in only a few ashes at a time, the contents of the ash pan from our kitchen range will yield over a quart of fine charcoal.—Orange Judd Farmer.

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It is just that much clear gain, with little or no labor, we can afford to expend some time and labor in providing for their wants. Especially is this true when the crop sown is one that will bring a profit or prove a benefit outside of its value as a feed food. Alike and white clover sown in waste places and on land needing rest and rejuvenation will furnish much stock food, as well as the best beef pasture. There are many fields and patches about the farm where the early crops will be taken off in August, which can be planted in buckwheat and a good crop of salable grain realized, while the bees can find the material in it for their winter stores.

—Prairie Farmer.

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GEMS IN VERSE

in the Garden.
The rose is made of little frills,
The lily is a cup,
And goblets are the daffodils
From which the fairies sup.

The daisy is a darling sun,
So small and round and sweet;
The sunflower is a bigger one,
Though never half so neat.

It sounds mysterious, and yet
You really can't deny
The lovely little violet
Was once a piece of sky.

The orchids, that I may not touch,
Are curious, like shells;
The hyacinths remind me much
Of lots of little bells.

In fact, through all our garden plot,
In summer time or spring,
There's hardly any flower that's not
Just like some other thing.

—Margaret Steele Anderson.

Not Understood.

Not understood. We move along asunder;
Our paths grow wider as the seasons
creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by
Till virtue often seems to us transgressions,
And thus men rise and fall and live and die.

Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted
visions
Often measure giants by their narrow
gauges
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and de-
ception

Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mold
the age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of
action
Which lie beneath the surface and the
show
Are disregarded, with self satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often
go—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many hearts are
aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are
breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood!

O God, that men should see a little clearer
Or judge less harshly when they cannot
see!
O God, that men would draw a little
nearer—
To one another! They'd be nearer the
And understand!
—J. P. Holt in *Louisiana Sun*.

The Home

JENNIE LESTER HILL, Editor

AN EXCELLENT FEED.

There is no better or cheaper feed
for the laying hens than milk. It is
not advisable, however, to feed great
quantities of it in its liquid state, as it
is very loosening to the bowels. It
should be prepared as follows: Place
thick sour milk in pans and set over
the fire to heat through well, when
the whey may be easily separated
from the curd. It should be drained
to a dry, powdery mass, when it will
be fit to feed. The curd from two
pans of milk will make a generous
feed for twenty-five hens. Be sure to
give plenty of water, also grit. It
will be found a profitable feed.

MANAGEMENT OF MOULTING HENS.

Moulted hens will now be noticed,
and also until late in the year if slow
in beginning to shed their feathers.
They need dry quarters at night and
protection from rains during the day,
as they will easily take cold in such a
condition. A teaspoonful of tincture
of iron in the drinking water will
serve as an invigorator, and the food
should be of a variety and nourishing.
Milk should be given freely.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

The best symptom of cholera is
intense thirst. Indigestion is often
supposed to be cholera. Cholera kills
quickly, but indigestion destroys only
slowly. The best remedy for cholera
(there is no sure cure) is a teaspoonful
of liquid carbolic acid in a quart
of drinking water. For indigestion,
cease feeding for twenty-four hours,
and then give only one meal a day—
a light one—and pound some crockery
or old china for the hens. It is only
when hens are overfed, and are not
compelled to work and scratch, that
they have indigestion.

The School

JOHN WIRT DINSMORE, Editor

"SLOYD."

The word "Sloyd," as applied to
that peculiar system of educational
tool-work which originated in Sweden,
was carefully selected from the Swedish
vocabulary. "Manual Training"
is not a synonymous term, and is
often misleading when it is so used,
for the word Sloyd means not only
manual training, but mental training

An Old Favorite

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

By William Cullen Bryant

MERRILY swinging on brier
and weed,
Near to the nest of his little
dame,
Over the mountain-side or
mead.
Robert is telling his name:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Hidden among the Summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding
coat;
White are his shoulders and white his
crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown
wings;
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her hus-
band sings:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not
fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One poor chick is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is
he.
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

CARE OF CLOTHES.

How to Keep Your Wearing Apparel
In Good Condition.

For taking spots out of cloth it is
best to have at hand the necessary
materials, as it is much easier to re-
move spots when they are new than
when they become old and dry. Ben-
zine, gasoline and naphtha are all
good. A little piece of plain white
flannel or some very fast dye cloth is
best to apply this with, or in the ab-
sence of this you might use an old
sponge.

The care of gloves may be best sub-
served by the observance of a few sim-
ple rules, says Haberdasher. Keep
them in tissue paper. Don't pull them
out of shape. It is no test of quality
and spoils their beauty.

Glove powder freely used is the price
of a pair of gloves in many cases. A
perspiring hand forced into a dry glove
—often one or two sizes too small—will
usually come out the least injured,
and the blame will be as unfair as
the treatment.

If you send your clothes out to be
done up be sure that you select a hand
laundry. Machine work and acids make
short work of fine clothes. Shirts, col-
lars and cuffs should be done up with-
out gloss. Insist on the domestic
finish. Have your poke and wing collars
ironed flat, not curled.

All clothing should be carefully hung
up, and if you will study your closet
and use the modern appliances, which
are easily procured, you can keep a
great deal of clothing in good condition
in a very small space. The cheap
twisted wire coat racks are good
enough. On these put the waistcoat,
and then over the waistcoat put the
coat. There are also patent trousers
hangers which keep the trousers pressed
in shape, but it is much easier to
fold your trousers properly and lay
them in the bottom of your closet or in
a long drawer.

A piece of paper should be put be-
tween each pair of trousers, and it
will not hurt them if they have to be
folded once. In light weight suitings,
such as homespun and flannels, it is
much better to lay the trousers out
flat in a drawer than to hang them up.
All clothing should be carefully
brushed and kept as free from dust as
possible.

How to Clean Marble.

Marble can be cleaned by rubbing
with a rather soft paste made of whiting
or prepared chalk and water to
which a little ammonia has been added.
Rinse afterward with clean water.
A rub with pumice stone and water
will restore the polish.

How to Make Water Lily Salad.

Here is a salad that looks as pretty
as it sounds and tastes as delicious as
it both looks and sounds. Cut the
whites of hard boiled eggs into pointed
petal-like strips. Save out two or three
yolks, but mash the rest. Mix with
mayonnaise and fill the middle of the
arranged petals with the mixture. Put
the remaining yolks through a fine
sieve, scatter over the petals to simu-
late pollen and cut lettuce into points
to resemble the outer green.

How to Save Your Stockings.

To save your stockings sew a piece of
chamois leather on the inside of the
heel of your shoe. This will prevent it
rubbing the stocking and so delay the
appearance of those dreaded holes.

How to Keep Mold From Jam.

Have ready the covers and as you fill
each jar cover at once while boiling
hot. This will make them perfectly
air tight. Jam, jellies and marmalade
made up in this way will keep two or
even three years.

How to Clean Frying Pan.

Do not scrape a frying pan, as it is
liable afterward to burn. Instead rub
well with a hard crust of bread and
wash in hot water.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Hidden among the Summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln beats him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry
brood.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with
care.
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are
grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old
strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

USEFUL HINTS.

How to Solve Several Perplexing
Household Problems.

A quick and easy way to slip a rod
through curtains is to pare the end of
the rod, put a thimble on the end, and
the rod will slip through quite easily
without tearing the curtain.

To prevent windows from steaming
clean them thoroughly and apply a
small quantity of glycerin over the
polish with a soft cloth. Rub briskly
and lightly until the glycerin is well
rubbed in.

To prevent portieres catching under-
neath the door when opened quickly
screw a small ring such as is used for
picture frames into the center of the
door frame. To this fasten a length of
blind cord sufficient to reach to the
bottom of the curtain. Put another ring in
the center of the door at the top, thread
the cord through and fasten to the
bottom of the curtain, and as the door is
opened so the curtain rises.

Do not throw old incandescent man-
tles away. They make a splendid pol-
ish for silver. Put a little on a soft
duster and rub on the article to be
cleaned. It will polish beautifully
without scratching or marking the sil-
ver.

Before cleaning out a fireplace sprin-
gle a good handful of tea leaves among
the ashes. This makes the ashes lift
easier and prevents the dust from fly-
ing about the room.

When machining soft materials such
as silks or muslins pin or tack strips of
paper along the parts to be machined
so that the paper is next to the teeth of
the sewing machine and the work up-
permost. Then the material will not
ruck or gather, as it otherwise would.
Even chiffon can be machined in this
way.

Never disturb an invalid by making a
noise when putting coals on the fire in
the sick room. Put the pieces of coal in
paper bags and put both coals and bag
on the fire.

How to Wash a Lace Collar.

To wash a lace collar first sew the
lace with long stitches upon a double
thickness of white flannel, plunge into
warm soapsuds and wash, then rinse
in clear water to which a little borax
and bluing have been added. Gently
squeeze in the hand, place between
flannel and press till dry with a hot
iron.

How to Draw an Oval.

Take two stout pins and stick them
firmly into the table through the sheet
of paper on which you wish to draw
the oval, about two inches apart. Then
tie together the ends of a bit of string
about eight inches long so as to form a
loop, leaving two loose ends, each
about an inch long. When you have
done this tie the loose ends into a
smaller loop, which need not be larger
than sufficient to admit the point of a
pencil. Now place the larger loop over
the two pins and, putting the point of
your pencil through the smaller loop,
stretch the string as far as it will go
and circle all around the pins. You will
find that in moving from one pin to the
other the string forms an ever varying
triangle and that the figure described
in passing all around the pins is as per-
fect an oval as the most delicate instru-
ment can produce.

How to Air Beds.

The directions for airing beds given
in a domestic training school are worth
noting. Place two chairs with seats to-
gether near an open window. Fold the
counterpane neatly the long way and
lay over the tops of the chairs, allowing
the middle to sag down to the seats.
Fold the blankets next and place over
the counterpane, allowing a space be-
tween each for the circulation of air.
Proceed in the same way with the rest
of the bedding. Beat up the pillows and
place them where they will
get the air.

How to Make a Shamrock.

Rome, Aug. 26.—The funeral of
Menotti Garibaldi, the eldest son of the
patriot, took place Tuesday and evoked
a great popular demonstration of
sympathy. It is estimated that 350,000
witnessed the funeral procession.

Miners Go Out on Strike.

Cumberland, Md., Aug. 26.—Eight
hundred coal miners employed in the
Elk Garden fields of West Virginia
are on strike, because, it is stated, of
the discharge of men for joining the
United Mine Workers' union.

A NARROW MARGIN

In the Second Race the Reliance
Beat the Shamrock One Min-
ute and 19 Seconds.

FINE AND HARD FOUGHT CONTEST

At Every Point of Sailing of the Ver-
sels the Defender's Superiority
Was Demonstrated.

Based Upon the Magnificent Showing
the Reliance Has Made It the
Belief of Experts That the
Cup Will Remain Here.

New York, Aug. 26.—In a glorious
whole sail breeze, over a triangular
course, ten miles to a leg, the fleet-
flocked cup defender Reliance again
Tuesday showed her heels to Sir
Thomas Lipton's challenger, taking
the second race of the cup series of
1903 by the narrow margin of one minute
and 19 seconds. It was as pretty
and as hard a fought contest as has
ever been sailed on Sandy Hook, and
had the wind not failed during the last
ten minutes, the record for the course,
3 hours 12 minutes and 15 seconds,
made by Columbia two years ago in
her memorable race against Shamrock
II, would have been broken. As it
was, Reliance sailed the 30 miles within
two minutes and 39 seconds from the
record, which speaks wonders for her
speed in the wind that was blowing.
Reliance's victory, narrow as it was,
would have been even smaller had not

New York, Aug. 26.—The sudden
death of David Bradley Lee was an-
nounced Tuesday evening. Mr. Lee
who was in his 70th year, was a brother
of the Countess Von Waldersee, formerly
Miss Mary B. Lee, and of the Baroness de Wachter.

A Remarkable Run.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 26.—Wabash

passenger train No. 6 made a remark-
able run from Litchfield to Decatur.

Engineer Harry Stigall was at the

throttle, and the 69 miles was covered

in 64 minutes. Four minutes were lost

in making stops.

Gen. Sumner at Victoria.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 26.—The steam-
er Empress of China brought among
her passengers Gen. S. S. Sumner, who

has been directing the operations

against the Moros in Mindanao and
who, accompanied by Mrs. Sumner, is

bound for Omaha.

Five Prisoners Escape.

Tucson, Ariz., Aug. 26.—Five pris-
oners, including Carlos McCormick,

the boy murderer, aged 16, escaped

from Pima county jail by digging a



DRINK AND INSANITY.

Almost Every Country Now Recognizes the Relation of the Former to the latter.

The Medical Record of New York, in an editorial summarizes the facts of the situation of the drink problem in the following suggestive manner: "Almost every country of the world is taking up the drink question. The authorities in some lands have become seriously alarmed at the inroads which the unbridled consumption of alcohol has made, and is making, into the prosperity, health and morals of their people."

"In France the unrestricted sale of alcoholic beverages has already brought forth dire results. Prominent French physicians have begun a crusade against the drink habit. In Russia the excessive drinking among the peasantry has impelled the government to step in and take control of the sale of spirituous liquors. Although in America drinking has never been so common nor carried to such extent as in Europe, yet even here statistics tell us that there has been a ~~decreased~~ increase in the consumption of alcohol. Great Britain has always had an unpleasant reputation as a country whose good people were addicted to strong drink on a large scale, and it still, in this respect, maintains its position in the front rank."

Dr. Robert Jones, medical superintendent of Claybury Lunatic Asylum, London, published a short time ago a paper treating of drink with regard to the production of insanity. Referring to statistics bearing upon this matter, he said: "There are probably at the present time no less than 110,000 certified insane persons in England and Wales alone, of whom approximately about 50,000 are males and 60,000 females. If the lunacy commissioners' Blue Book for England and Wales be consulted, the proportionate percentage of instances in which alcohol has been assigned as the cause of insanity to the yearly average number admitted into asylums in the five years, 1895-1900 inclusive, is 21.8 for males and 9.5 for females—the proportion is much higher in Scotland—and after allowing for the deaths of those whose form of insanity is more immediately fatal than those caused by alcohol, there are, I believe, upon the lowest computation, remaining in asylums, at the present time, no less than 10,000 males and 5,800 females who are mentally decrepit through the effects of alcohol. During the time that the London county council's asylum at Claybury has been opened, from 1893 to the end of 1901—a period of less than nine years—8,493 patients have been admitted, of whom 21.2 per cent. of the males and 12.6 of the females were definitely ascertained to owe their insanity to drink, a total of over 800 men and 594 women who were thus rendered incapable of productive work through their own acts. For the whole of London, during the period of 1893-1901, 2,662 men and 1,677 women were received into asylums who owed their insanity to alcoholic intemperance."

Chronic alcoholism, according to Dr. Jones, implies an altered nutrition of all the tissues, particularly parenchymatous elements and epithelium, such as that of the blood-vessels, causing thickening and ultimately fibroid changes. It has been stated to be one of the special causes of dementia paralytica. It certainly is one of the most important elements in the strain which predisposes to this breakdown, and it is a most fertile source of nervous disease. The degeneration of the tissues consequent upon the altered nutrition is so general and far-reaching that the resulting symptoms are of a most protean nature. Attempts have been made to differentiate these according to the particular form of alcohol taken, such as wines, beers, spirits, liquors, etc., but the distinction is less psychical than physical, and the symptoms consist in the greater frequency of convulsive discharges from such as absinthe, of analgesia from wines, and of hyperalgesia from essences. The liver of the spirit drinker is familiar, as also the gross fatty changes in beer-drinkers.

The writer points out many different considerations presenting themselves in regard to symptoms, such as: (1) the diathesis, idiosyncrasy, or the inheritance of the individual. An inheritance of insanity is found in about 33 per cent. of all such cases admitted into asylums. Persons of neurotic inheritance are predisposed to the incidence of delirium, small doses of alcohol giving rise to marked unsteadiness and other functional disturbances; in others the nervous system almost entirely escapes, and the stress is left upon the liver and kidneys.

(2) Sex appears to have a marked influence, for although alcoholic indulgence is most common among men, women recidivists are more common and less curable. (3) Elimination is a personal factor dependent upon the activity of the various excretory organs, such as the skin, kidneys, lungs, etc., in any particular individual. (4) Exercise appears also to influence the symptoms, as life in the open air favors tolerance. Both men and women of sedentary habits suffer in comparison to the more active, and the more frequent incidence of peripheral neuritis in women is probably due to their indoor life. (5) Age is a modifying factor. The period of greatest incidence to the pernicious effects of alcohol corresponds closely with that upon which falls the greatest mental strain. Males between 25 and 30 and those between 35 and 40 appear to be, according to Bevan Lewis, more sus-

ceptible to alcohol than those of any other age. The former is a period particularly characterized by intellectual advance, and one during which the habits tend to become independent and fixed; the other is an epoch during which the struggle for existence makes itself felt in the fullest force, and it is also an age during which, as Lewis points out, the feeble and indifferent organisms often feel the want of artificial stimulus, to the use of which they often succumb.

The relation between drink and insanity is far more intimate than it was at one time believed to be. Perhaps the assertion that drink is the most potent cause of mental disorders would now pass without cavil. Certainly the brain is the organ which is most disastrously affected by excessive indulgence in alcohol, for although other organs may be seriously injured, the outcome of the habit is more frequently mental dissolution.—Journal of Inebriety.

AN ALCOHOLIZED INTELLECT.

What an Autopsy Showed in the Case of a Man Who Had Died Suddenly at Kansas City.

A man died suddenly in Kansas City, leaving to the world a strangely impressive record of a blighted life. The physicians upon cutting open his skull found his brain immersed in alcohol, the fumes of which filled the room. "Evidently a heavy drinker" was the verdict of the physicians.

The physical tragedy that must have preceded this event is quite familiar. Physiologists tell us how that dread spoiler, alcohol, making its way through the system, is rejected by an outraged stomach, spurned by an indignant heart, thrust through the arteries, straining and distending them, crisping, parching and charring them so that they cannot perform their functions, at last bursting them, and allowing the blood and alcohol to flow in among the nerves and brain,



EVIDENTLY A HEAVY DRINKER.

irritating, inflaming and torturing the delicate, sensitive brain fiber. The nerves of sight become inflamed to see the awful visions and the nerves of hearing become irritated to hear maddening sounds. What manner of thinking must emanate from a brain thus conditioned!

Imagine, if you can, a memory poisoned by alcohol, recalling only vile suggestions, utterly lacking the power to recall stored-up truth and wisdom. Picture an imagination which has lost the power to soar, but instead crawls like a slimy reptile. Conceive of an alcohol-saturated judgment, controlling large industries, or an alcohol-stimulated reason trying to weigh matters of national moment in affairs of state, the mind now unduly elated, again depressed, becoming uncontrollable and finally paralyzed. Consider what an alcoholized affection must resemble, highly excited, passionate, lawless. Finally, let the mind pause for one awful moment to comprehend the depths of despair that have been sounded when the human conscience shall have become so debilitated and devitalized by alcoholic stimulants that it no longer stands on guard as an inward monitor, but lies manacled, drugged, wounded, a useless, dying thing.

The physicians tell us emphatically that the alcoholizing process is not sudden, but gradual, the work of months and years, and is unquestionably taking place in the physical systems of men and women who would indignantly deny that they belong to the drinking class. Meanwhile the world at large is compelled every day to have a part in the tragedy, which involves not only the men and women who drink, and their immediate families and offspring, but involves every man, woman and child with whom they come in contact.

Every day we are obliged to tolerate and submit to legislation emanating from alcohol brains, to accept from the courts judgments distorted by alcoholized thinking, to intrust business to the vitiated intellects of men who are moderate drinkers, to take our politics and its measures of corruption defined by the deadly drug. The fumes of it are everywhere; on the streets, in the city halls, in the street car, in the court room, even in the schoolroom, brought by innocent children upon whom the poison has been forced as nourishment.

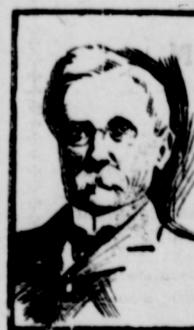
At times one is almost compelled to believe that whole communities of respectable, abstemious, law-abiding citizens are unconsciously stupefied by its fumes as they sit insensible or indifferent to the dangers which such a condition of things portends.—Union Signal.

Social Life.

Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness in social life. What the social life needs is a strong infusion of righteousness, so that there shall be considerateness, charitableness, modesty, temperance, healthy amusement and intelligence.—Rev. S. H. Harris.

The Lying of Children

By PROF. R. A. HAIGHT.



There seems to be a tendency in nearly all children to deceive, and it manifests itself at an early age. The motives which actuate children to lie are somewhat different from those by which adults are influenced in the same direction. While the reasons are about as numerous and diverse as the liars themselves, still they can nearly all be classified under one of the following heads: Lies of imagination, inherited tendency, fear of punishment, because older people lie, because of too much confidence placed in them by their parents.

Children lie because older people lie, partly because they are wonderful imitators of the acts of their superiors. In business circles, in the home, in the church and in the school we cannot reasonably expect the children to walk in the straight and narrow way unless we ourselves are treading that same path.

Though we cannot blame a parent for the love he bears his child, yet that man cannot be held guiltless in the care of his boy when his love is so centered upon him that he fails to see his faults, and allows his word to weigh more with him than the word of any other. The parent is to be pitied who has lost confidence in his child, but more to be pitied is he whose confidence in his child is misplaced.

From the time the child is first able to lisp up to the age of eight or nine years he lives in the realm of fancy and imagination. The lie is the first romance of childhood, and is often concocted to embellish what has already happened. A child's ideal is his reality. Imagination makes the dressed doll a real baby, the hobby-horse a real horse. It invests the fairy tales of the nursery with reality. Improbable stories with improbable moral lessons destroy imagination and fill the soul with distrust. While the imagination cannot be trained by direct methods, it can be held in check through the use of proper mental food.

We naturally consider the young offspring of all animals as harmless and inoffensive. The babe asleep in the cradle or prattling upon its mother's knee suggests to us nothing but purity and innocence; and yet the soul of that child may be freighted with that which may in after years have a tendency to transform the innocent babe into a criminal of the deepest dye. What the child will become in after years depends upon its parentage and environment during childhood, education and general training through youth to manhood.

Where Modern Girls Fail

By MRS. MANDELL LOUISE CREIGHTON,

Wife of the Bishop of London.



THE time has now come when we have begun to realize that the freer and fuller life which has been designed for the modern girl and has brought about so marked a change in the social position of women of all classes, likewise possesses its disadvantages.

Increase of knowledge and the relaxation of old-fashioned restrictions and prejudices have enabled girls to develop tastes and abilities and overcome physical disadvantages which the old-fashioned girl never realized that she possessed and which made her hopelessly dependent on man, and marriage her only profession. Greater vigor both of body and mind has come with the increase of liberty and wider knowledge that we have given our daughters, but what has not come is an increased sense of responsibility.

The objectless life of the suburban maiden, the daily round of mere pleasure-seeking pursued by women of means, and the disinclination on the part of the girl of humble station to engage in the hard work which employed her mother and grandmother, go to prove that with the opportunity has not come the desire on the part of women to live the larger life in the truer sense of the term. The middle class girl has the same educational advantages as her brother, and she has been freed from the old leash wherein she was once held, yet how often does she go forth as he does with the determination to make her way in the world or live worthy of any vocation to which she would certainly find herself called if she would only take the trouble to incline her ear?

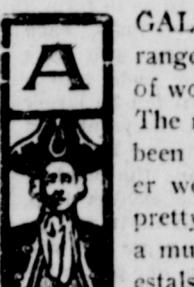
The need for every girl to make her own living and live an absolutely independent life may, happily, not exist in every case, but there can be no instance in which she, in common with her brother, is not better for some definite daily occupation other than the mere slinging together of finery, tennis playing, visiting, piano-thumping and possibly even light dusting.

Still less need girls who are given the fullest liberties by a broader minded generation of elders in the confidence that they will not only use them judiciously but be the better for them, yield one jot of their feminine charms. To do so is to give the enemy a point, and one which is absolutely unnecessary.

Clever Women Are Homely

By HARRY FURNISS,

Noted English Caricaturist



GALLERY of famous ugly women could be easily arranged. In fact, when one came to compile the catalogue of women of genius, it would be difficult to find a pretty one. The majority of clever women, in the past at any rate, have been downright ugly—novelists, artists, musicians, and other women of marked intellectual endowment. In fact, a pretty face, as distinct from one of strong character, covers a multitude of mediocrity, and we have raised to the pedestals of clever women mere commonplace, pretty-faced nonentities.

These are not the women I refer to. I shall take one great woman—George Eliot. I could deal with other clever women of more recent date, but it would be ungallant to do so. I have been abused by writers in the press—possibly women—for caricaturing their sex. Well, if women come out of their proper sphere and pose as public characters, they must run the risk of criticism, be it with pen or pencil, whether they sit on the bench, in the war office, or upon the political platform.

It is generally acknowledged that ill-favored persons are often the most agreeable. I have heard it said it is a talent given them to counterbalance their deformity. On the other hand, we often see persons of extreme beauty are the least informed. Is it not that the latter think more of admiring their bodies than their minds? And so the reverse with the former, seeing they are not likely to gain anything by their personal appearance, they leave their face (so to speak) to take care of itself, and set about ornamenting their minds.

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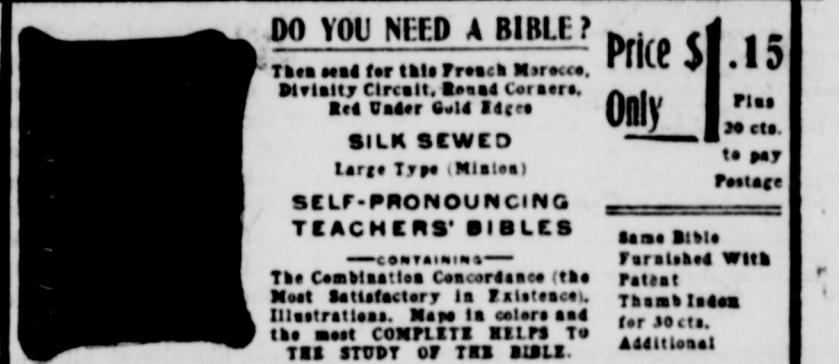
The School is endorsed by Baptists, Christians (Disciples), Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

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Sept. A

LOVE IS LAW.

roughly in the walls of time
Progress rings its runic rhyme
But the human heart doth feel
More than wisdom can reveal;
And the force that baffles fate
Can proud kings bring down in walt.
For though all the storied strife
Or the onward sweep of life
There's a power that thrills the living
strong—
That moves each soul with an undying
song!

•••••
O harbinger of rare delight!
O revealer of the right!
O master-burdened space!
Never art thou given place!
Nor lost the light in darkened way,
Than soul-flame and celestial ray!
Ruler over good and ill,
Stronger than the strongest will.
Thou art the Law of Love that ever pleads
For higher living and for helpful deeds.

Long in labyrinthine ways,
Through the quick recurring days,
The secret recesses of the walls
By life's outward swinging gates;
And wherever smoke ascends,
And wherever faith defends
Lo, a spirit flames above!
All the toiling—it is Love!
The love that lives
In one who gives
His life to help all humankind;
Who labors late
With purpose great
The ways of happiness to bind.

Love is law! the human heart
Feels it even in busy mart!
Where worship is, where sacrifice
Conceals itself by strange device,
There this law of life prevails,
And no true love ever fails;
Work is but the outward show
Of the feeling hid below—
Who hopes for peace and dreams of broth-
erhood.

Holds Love to be the only guide to good.
Change that in material things
Beauty from the barren brings.
In the soul-world serves to show
Character from failure grow;
And the histories of place,
Annals of each buried race,
Wise tradition, dear and old,
Are as naught, till Love be told.
What from the heart this ruling force shall

say
What matters life or death if duty die?
Lo, the motive in good deed,
And the leaven in each creed,
Strength of arm and help of hand,
Plenteous increase in the land,
Temples builded, public weal,
World that doth in sorrow heal,
The truth it's told on printed page
And all the uplift of an age,
Are but the light
Of Love's great might.

That through man's progress ever flows;
And will is vain
If conscience reign
Not in the life that merely knows.
—Charles W. Stevenson, in N. Y. Observer.

The Trouble A
on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright 1898, by Francis Lynde.)

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

His smile was inscrutable. "If it's all the same to you, I think I'll go on with the dirt-washing on my placer claim."

"But you can't; your bar's gone."

The mysterious smile held its own. "It's a pretty spiteful wind that blows nobody good, Jack. As you say, the bar's gone, but there is another one formed just below. I went up there and washed out a few panfuls to-day, and this is what I found."

He showed me a handful of dull, yellow nuggets from the size of a mustard seed to that of a pea.

"Then you've struck it rich at last! I congratulate you, my dear boy."

"Thanks; though it may not be a bonanza—probably isn't. But maybe there'll be enough to stand us all on our feet again. If there is anything in it, I'm going into the stock business."

"You're in that now, aren't you?"

"No; the other kind of stock. The Glenlivat people will be mighty tired when they hear of this, and they'll sell out cheap, most of them. I want to buy and own 51 per cent. of the stock. If there is ever another syndicate in the Torolito it'll be Angus Macpherson & Co."

"Good; and the company?"

"You know who the company will be; and that's where you come in. You've got to think up some scheme to take care of her while I'm making the turn."

"It is already thought up, proposed and accepted. She goes with me to my sister in Denver, *poco tiempo*."

"Jack, old man, you're a god in the car!"—he wrung my hand till I winced. "If you go off and die before you see me through on this, I'll never forgive you."

"If I die, I'll leave it as a bequest to Letitia, and she will see you through. She is a born matchmaker, as you have occasion to know, if my memory serves me."

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"Good; and the company?"

"For a half-minute, then?"

"No. We both know the circumstances, and that she can't really mourn him. But we mustn't forget that he was her husband."

"That's so. Good-by, and God bless you, old man!" He wrung my hand again, and was gone; and I did not return to the farm house until I had fairly lost sight of his broad back at the turn of the road.

And on the morrow we left the scarred valley, Winifred and I, and caught the train at the Fort, and were welcomed with open arms by Letitia, who was so grateful for the added odd pounds of flesh that I brought back in my proper person that she was lovingly gracious to Winifred. And later, when she had

come to hope more for me, and to love the schoolmistress for her own sake, my part was still harder to play; for, as I have hinted, my sister is a born maker of matches. Indeed, I may as well confess that I should have made a sorry failure of it if I had not warned Letitia off by telling her the truth, and so made her Macpherson's advocate instead of mine.

Long before the snows came to stop the work on the placer bar, Angus fulfilled his own prophecy. I acted as his broker in Denver, and went gunning from time to time for Glenlivat stock. It was pot-hunting, for the greater part. The stockholders were only too willing to be out of it at any price, and the last block of stock cost us little more than the transfer fee. Angus was jubilant, as he had a right to be; and when he was once more the king of the Torolito, he wrote me at length, detailing his plans. There was to be a new house, and a great stock farm with ancestor beasts, and a few more settlers picked and chosen from among our friends, for all of which the placer bar promised to be responsible—and kept its promise.

The spring was well afoot on the eastern plains when next we saw the sheltered valley nestled between its snow-crowned mountains, and traversed by the sparkling waters of the Torolito. But for the lower sweep of the snow-caps, it might have seemed but days instead of months since we left it together. Winifred and I had driven up from the fort, she to take her summer school again, so Letitia had assured me, and I to try if the dry upland air might give me yet another reprieve and a little longer lease of life.

It was high noon when we emerged from the cliff-shaded portal of the Six-Mile and looked once more upon the scene which had grown dear to both of us. Winifred drew a long breath and her eyes were shining. I had thought her beautiful before, but the winter in Denver, with the crushing burden lifted forever, had made her more than beautiful.

"The dear old valley!" she said. "It is like coming home to get back to it. Is that Mr. Macpherson's new house?"

The old ranch house was no more. In its place on the knoll to the northward stood a modern low-roofed country house, many gabled, and built of the bright lava stone of the hog-back. As we looked, a man mounted at the door-stone and rode at a gallop toward us. I thrust the butt of the whip among the parcels on the buckboard and succeeded in dislodging one of them. It was Winifred's smaller handbag, and it was well to the rear in the dust of the road when Angus met us.

"Good boy!" I exclaimed. "You project your welcome into space, don't you? Will you lend me your horse and take my place? I've lost one of the valises, and if you'll drive Miss Sanborn I'll ride back for it."

I know not if my transparent subterfuge were suspected. And I doubt if either of them questioned or cared, so long as they could be together. We made the exchange quickly, and Angus pointed the team toward the house on the knoll.

"We'll wait dinner for you," he said. "I have Aunt Richmond here to do the honors, and you can own the ranch as long as you'll stay."

I looked into Winifred's eyes and found there my warrant for a respite of kind.

"We shall see about that, later. I'd like to have my invitation from the châtelaine of a house where I'm

supposed to quarter myself indefinitely."

It was a liberal half-hour later when I rode up to the veranda of the country house with the lost valise at the saddle-horn. There was no one in sight save Connolly, the ex-trooper, who nodded affably and grinned and took the horse.

"You'll find them on the piazza beyond," he said, with a wink and a leer, and the unfettered freedom of the great west large within him. "It's forgetting yez entirely by this toime, they'll be."

But they had not forgotten me; and when I mounted the steps it was Winifred who came to meet me, putting her hands in mine and blushing with sweet shyness, with Angus only a lame second.

"You said you wanted an invitation, Mr. Haleott," she said, archly. "You are very welcome to Torovista; to come and go and stay as our nearest and truest friend."

"That's so. Good-by, and God bless you, old man!" He wrung my hand again, and was gone; and I did not return to the farm house until I had fairly lost sight of his broad back at the turn of the road.

And on the morrow we left the scarred valley, Winifred and I, and caught the train at the Fort, and were welcomed with open arms by Letitia, who was so grateful for the added odd pounds of flesh that I brought back in my proper person that she was lovingly gracious to Winifred. And later, when she had

time as I could—if I'd known you were coming to meet us, Angus, I should have knocked the valise off miles farther back."

Angus roared. "I wish I had half the nerve you give me credit for," he laughed. "We stole a march on you and did it by mail, long ago. There is to be a wedding in this shack to-night, and you're to give the bride away. Why don't you say something?"

There are times when the grave-diggers are busy, and the heart is too full for speech; and if at the moment I said no more than the hollow nothing that such occasions demand, it must be forgiven me. None the less, when the time came, I gave her to Angus, freely and without reserve.

That was five years ago; and since I can look back upon it now with steadfast eyes, realizing that what is always best—her happiness and his, and the love of little Joan, my name-child, have been my recompense for my undivided share in the trouble on the Torolito.

(THE END.)

USED HIS TALENT.

An Impudent French Noble Who
Profited by His Ability to
Make Salads.

M. Brillat-Savarin, in his *Memoirs of his time*, gives the history of several of the French nobles who fled to England to escape the guillotine. Among those who found themselves penniless and without profession or craft by which to earn their bread was a Comte d'Albignac of old and noble family.

One day, while seated in a cafe in London, three or four young English noblemen sat down at a neighboring table to dine. Presently one of them came to him and said: "Monsieur, I have heard that all Frenchmen excel in making a salad. Will you do us the favor of mixing one for us?"

D'Albignac hesitated, but then gayly sat down with them and prepared the salad. He had great skill. The men ate with enthusiasm, and exchanged cards with him at parting. But one of them with the card pressed a sovereign into his hand.

D'Albignac trembled with rage, but a quick second thought kept him silent. He was a nobleman. None of his race had ever earned money. But why should he not earn money? He had this little art; why not use it to make his bread? Was it not more honorable than to live, as many of his fellow refugees were doing, on the charity of their friends? He bowed to the company and put the sovereign in his pocket.

The next day he was asked to go to a large mansion where a dinner-party was to be given, to dress the salads. His salads became the fashion. He was summoned to every large entertainment, and his skill enabled him to charge large sums. He remained in London for a few years, and then, with his savings, returned to France, bought a small estate in Limousin, resumed his rank, and lived comfortably for the rest of his life.

She Was Too Smart.

Two years ago an American woman, visiting the south of France in the spring, heard a good deal of talk about a certain Countess of Killarney, who was also on a visit. She looked the unknown up in a peregrine to see who she was and discovered that, in the words of the immortal Mrs. Prig, "there ain't no sich person." Full of triumph, she waited until the conversation turned on Lady Killarney, and then she brought out a thunderbolt—the woman was an impostor, there was no Lady Killarney, and she was downright sorry that her friends were taken in. There was a pause. Then a smile began to appear, and one of the ladies remarked, sweetly: "Don't you realize that 'Countess of Killarney' is the incognito of the duchess of York?" As the duchess of York is the wife of King Edward's son, heir apparent to the British throne, there was one American woman who wished she had not been so smart.

Troy Times.

Amenities in Beau Nash's Day.

One day Beau Nash joined some fine ladies in a grove, and, asking one of them, who was crooked, whence she came, she replied: "Straight from London." "Confound me, madam," said he, "then you must have been damnable warped by the way." She soon, however, had ample revenge. The following evening he joined her company, and, with a sneer and a bow, asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell him the name of Tobit's dog. "His name, sir, was Nash," replied the lady. "And an impudent dog he was."

—San Francisco Argonaut.

Somewhat Uncertain.

"And yet there are people who claim that a woman really knows what she wants," he remarked as he put down his paper.

"What's the matter now?" she asked.

"I have just been reading the matrimonial career of Mrs. Snell-Coffin-Cof-Walker-Coffin-Snell," he answered—Chicago Post.

Inseparable.

"You said you wanted an invitation, Mr. Haleott," she said, archly. "You are very welcome to Torovista; to come and go and stay as our nearest and truest friend."

"That's so. Good-by, and God bless you, old man!" He wrung my hand again, and was gone; and I did not return to the farm house until I had fairly lost sight of his broad back at the turn of the road.

I looked from one to the other of them and gasped, and my heart sank a little in spite of me. Even though I have been working and praying for some certain end the seal of fruition and irrevocability may come with a trying shock. But my part was still to play, and I played it.

"Is—isn't this rather sudden?"

"True, I tried to give you as much

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF.



Find One of the Husbandmen.

A Mischievous Lad, who was set to mind some sheep, used, in jest, to cry: "The Wolf, the Wolf." When the people at work in the neighboring fields came running to the spot, he laughed at them for their pains. One day the Wolf came in reality; and the Boy this time called "The Wolf, the Wolf," in earnest. But the men, having so often been deceived, disregarded his cries; and the Sheep were left at the mercy of the Wolf.

MORAL—He that is detected for being a notorious liar, besides the ignominy and reproach of the thing, incurs this misfortune that he will scarce be able to get anyone to believe him again as long as he lives.

SELECT RED-SKINNED WIVES.

American Army Officers Who Have
Lived Their Lives with
Those of Squaws.

It is announced from Fort Leavenworth that the government is taking notice of army officers who married Filipino girls after the loose fashion of the islands and then abandoned them. The particular case is one in which a young officer became engaged to a Leavenworth girl. It was known that this officer had lived with a Filipino girl near Manila after some sort of a marriage ceremony. The Leavenworth girl is said to have no objections to the facts in the case and will marry her lover when he gets a divorce from his Filipino wife, states the Kansas City Journal.

However, there is nothing particularly new in the revelations with respect to "morganatic" marriages by United States army officers. Before the civil war it was almost the customary thing for officers stationed in Oregon or Washington Territory to consort with Indian girls. At Tacoma or Seattle the visitor often has pointed out to him half-breeds who bear the names of some of the most distinguished of civil war generals and who are known to be the sons or daughters of these officers. It is explained that when these officers were young they were stationed in the wilds of the northeast far from the society of women of their own kind; that they needed housekeepers; that it was the custom of the region for white men to consort with Indian maidens; that, according to Indian standards, there was nothing wrong about it and that from every standpoint it was advantageous to the girl taken for a temporary wife.

At the little town of Puyallup, ten miles from Tacoma, there are two fine-looking men who bear the name of a general who for a long time was at the head of the quartermaster's department of the United States army. These men are the sons of the general. He married their mother, a Puyallup Indian, when he was a lieutenant and stationed at the Puyallup Indian agency long before the civil war. In later years he married an American woman in the far east and reared a family. But he did not abandon his family on the Pacific coast. His sons were taken east and put through one of the leading colleges. He frequently visited them and openly acknowledged them. On one occasion, at least, he was accompanied by his American wife, who seemed to know the circumstances and to have accepted them philosophically. His Indian wife lived for some years after he had married his American spouse, though he never visited her. But old-timers about Tacoma will tell the visitor how he made her old age comfortable while caring as a father should for the sons of their marriage.

Lightning's Queer Prank.

In the state of Maine lightning has been playing pranks in a way to startle the inhabitants. Two miles above Norridgewock, in a clearing on the west bank of the river, stood a tall pine, from a limb of which some years ago a student of the Eaton school hanged himself. When the woodsmen came that way afterward they cut down all the other pines, but spared the suicide tree, as it has been known.

One night a bolt of lightning stripped from the tree every branch except that from which the student hanged himself, and which is identified by a notch cut where the rope was fastened. A little way off the lightning cut a deep and narrow channel through the center of a great flat rock on the river bank, as neatly as stone cutters could have done it.

Measuring Hides.

Berea and Vicinity.

GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

Mrs. L. W. Johnson is very sick at her home on Main Street.

Miss Florence L. Gentry, of Berea, is visiting relatives and friends in Cincinnati this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Brannaman attended the Brodhead fair two days last week.

Alson Baker, who is teaching school near Panola this summer, was a Berea visitor Saturday.

Arthur Hunt went Monday to Fleming county, where he will visit friends and relatives for some weeks.

Mrs. S. C. Lewis, who has been sick for two months, is now thought to be slowly improving.

Mrs. Fish and daughter Addie left this week for Cincinnati to select their stock of fall millinery.

James Perry Bicknell has placed a fine new veranda on his house, the work being done by P. J. Pauley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wallace spent Sunday at Wildie, the guests of Flem Butner.

Master Jim Henry Pettus has been quite sick with throat trouble the past week.

Mrs. T. A. Robinson and children of Richmond, visited at E. L. Robinson's on Sunday.

CITIZEN Thursday. They expressed themselves much pleased with Berea, its college, and our paper.

Donald McDonald, of Danville, has been authorized by the Board of Freedmen of the Presbyterian Church to purchase of the John G. Fee estate 130 acres with some buildings at a cost of about \$12,000. This property lies near Camp Nelson, in Jessamine Co.

The first annual meeting of the Kentucky Central Association will be held at the Congregational church here next Tuesday and Wednesday. The sermon Tuesday night will be by Rev. J. K. Higginbotham, of Corbin Ky., on "The Meaning of Manhood." On Wednesday night Rev. Mason Jones, of Houstonville, will preach.

Prof. and Mrs. Jones left yesterday for their new home and work in Kalamazoo, Mich., having accepted the pastorate of the First Congregational Church at that place. They go by the way for Chicago where Mrs. Jones addresses a farmer's institute near Chicago on Saturday. Mr. Sawyer also started for an extended visit at his former home in Ottawa, Kan., and then will join Prof. and Mrs. Jones at Kalamazoo.

For Sale. The residence and property of the late John G. Fee is being offered for sale. The personal effects remaining at the homestead will be sold at auction, beginning at 2 p. m., Sept. 5, 1903.

Earn an Incidental Fee.

An opportunity will be given to a number of young people to assist in cleaning the College buildings. Persons wishing to earn something to apply on school expenses should apply at once at the Treasurer's office.

T. J. OSBORNE.

College Items

HERE AND THERE

Mrs. Smith, Miss Lou Flannery and Miss Nannie Bales, patients at the hospital, are all improving.

Miss Conlop, of Portsmouth, Va., arrived Wednesday night to take two years training in nursing.

Ground is broken, trees are being grubbed and the derrick up for the new chapel. It will stand a little north and east of where the old chapel stood.

Sec'ly Gamble and bride are spending sometime in Cincinnati this week selecting the furnishings for their home.

Lost Aug. 24—on the street between Prof. Dodge's house and the depot, a purse containing over three dollars. Will the finder please return to this office?

Wm. Toomey, who has been an employee of the Printing Office for the last two years, has gone to Canton, Ohio, where he will learn the saddlery trade.

Mrs. Bettie Mason joined her husband this week at the country fair held at London, Ky. Their horse, Bess Mason, won first money at Brodhead fair.

Miss Anna Hanson returned from Cincinnati on Monday morning where she has been studying art for the past ten weeks. Miss Black, of Cincinnati, accompanied Miss Anna for a visit at the Hanson home.

Prof. C. F. Rumold, who is to occupy a chair of science the coming year, is a graduate of the University of Kansas from both the schools of arts and of law. He comes very highly recommended.

Miss Ida Azbill is trimming in Samuel Ach's wholesale millinery house in Cincinnati for a couple of weeks, after which she again accepts her former position which she has held for two years in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

A number of the boys who expect to play football this fall have arranged to come two weeks before the term opens for preliminary practice. They are very fortunate in securing Prof. A. W. Chez, physical instructor of the University of Cincinnati to coach them.

E. V. Elder, the Main Street merchant of Richmond, Ky., is in New York this week buying a new stock for his new location at Joe's old stand. He will move in Monday. There are but two days more of the removal sale.

The Richmond baseball team crossed bats with the Berea team Saturday on the athletic field here, and Richmond was defeated by the score of 3 to 1. The game was hotly contested throughout. But two hits were made off Ramsey by the visiting team.

Col. Chas. A. R. Wood and bride, nee Clark, of Norborne, Mo., and Miss Jane Goodloe and Mr. C. E. Woods, of this county, who are visiting Judge Goodloe's family called on The

KENTUCKY AT WORLD'S FAIR.

News of the progress of the advance work dished out in small doses.

Thomas E. Pergram, of Bath county, has a 300 pound meteor, the largest of several fragments that fell to the earth on Nov. 15, 1902, which he will send to the World's Fair.

A collection of 510 snakes, of all kinds and sizes, will be exhibited at the exposition by John V. Vion, who lives at the foot of Pilot Knob, in Powell county.

Editor O. E. Hurst, of Millersburg, writes the Exhibit Association that a collection of bones and relics of a prehistoric monster has been found at Lower Blue Lick Springs that is worthy a place at the St. Louis Exposition. He thinks it a collection that cannot be equalled in the world. One tusk of the monster measures eight feet in length.

Miss Annie Chenault Wallace, of Point Leavell, Garrard county, consents to lend the picture, "A Kentucky Beech Forest," 30 by 46 inches, which she has painted for use in the Kentucky Building. Mrs. Edwards, of Paducah, has painted a picture of Mantle Rock, said by U. S. Geologists to equal the famous Natural Bridge of Virginia, which she will loan.

For Sale.

First class building brick constantly on hand. We also have hard burned brick and bats for cisterns at very low price.—BEREA COLLEGE BRICK YARD.

A TERRIFIC STORM.

Derrick Was Swept From its Support Throwing Nine Men into Water.

FOUR OF THEM WERE DROWNED.

Two Women in a Boat on Jamaica Bay Lost Their Lives by the Vessel Capsizing.

A Severe Northwest Wind and Electric Storm Did Considerable Damage to Yachts and Other Vessels at Sandy Hook.

New York, Aug. 26.—During the height of a storm Tuesday a huge derrick on the Central Railroad of New Jersey bridge across Newark bay from Bayonne to Elizabeth was swept from its support into the water, carrying with it nine workmen. Four of the men were drowned and several badly injured. At least 60 men were at work on the bridge at a point about half a mile from the Bayonne shore. The top of the derrick was 180 feet from the water and nine men were working at various points up the huge structure, Gustav Fisher, of Bayonne, being on the very top of it. Strange to say he was about the only one to escape injury. He realized that it was impossible for him to reach the bridge, so he clung to the rigging and fell with it into the center of the channel. When he came to the surface he swam ashore. Although he collapsed after reaching land, he seemed to be in very good condition Tuesday night.

In the gale Tuesday afternoon two women lost their lives in Jamaica bay. They were Mrs. John Holm and her sister, Miss Ragna M. Rasmussen, of Brooklyn. They went sailing in a cat boat with Mr. Holm and the boat was upset about half a mile off shore. In the heavy sea that was running all three found it impossible to reach the boat and finally Holm started to swim ashore. He was picked up by a sail boat. The two women were taken from the water by a party in a steam launch, but they died without regaining consciousness.

A terrible northwest wind and electrical storm struck Sandy Hook shortly after 5 o'clock Tuesday and Shamrock III, and Reliance and a fleet of half a dozen fine yachts, including the Erin, C. Oliver Iselin's Sunbeam and the Herreshoff's Roamer were in great danger for a time.

The yacht Eureka, breaking from her anchorage, was blown violently against a coal scow and carried the scow before it. It seemed for a time that the two boats would crash into Shamrock III, which lay almost in the path of the gale not a hundred yards away. The Roamer, which was dangerously near the Shamrock, began to drag her anchor and despite the efforts to hold her drifted down rapidly. Suddenly she swung against the Sunbeam and then getting a chance to be free her engines managed to get away from the danger line.

The Sunbeam, too, as the blow increased later, again began to drag and in a moment went with a loud crash against the scow, which also commenced to drift and for a moment it looked as if Shamrock III would be overwhelmed.

The two steam yachts, the Giraldia and the Allita, anchored further out in the horseshoe, were torn from their anchorage and came into bow and stern collision. The bowsprit of one crashed through the stern of the other and the two, thus locked, drifted before the wind dangerously near to the challenger. The tug Cruiser saved them, pulling them apart and away from the other boats.

DESTRUCTIVE CLOUDBURST.

The Big Blue River Rose 16 Feet in a Few Hours.

Marysville, Kan., Aug. 26.—A cloudburst struck in this vicinity Tuesday, causing the Big Blue river to rise 16 feet within a few hours and sending a great flood of water south, down the bottoms along that stream. Many inhabitants in the lowlands were driven from their homes and heavy damage to property was done. One death by drowning is reported.

Marysville was deluged and the bottoms were filled with water from ten to fifteen feet deep. Fifty houses were almost entirely submerged, their inmates taking refuge in trees and on house tops. Seventy-five persons had been rescued in boats in daylight, and by noon 20 others were taken to places of safety.

Fire on a French Steamer.

Tokio, Aug. 14, via Victoria, B. C., Aug. 26.—Fire on the French steamer Tonkin Diroum on August 8 caused damage of \$250,000 to the liner and \$600,000 to the cargo. The ship was sunk to avoid total loss and afterward floated.

Another Lease of Life.

Eastman, Ga., Aug. 26.—Robert Cawthorn, who was sentenced to die on the gallows Wednesday, will have another lease of life. His counsel succeeded in completing a bill of exceptions and presented it to the supreme court.

Business Portion Under Water.

Vilets, Kan., Aug. 26.—The business portion of this town of 1,000 is under five feet of water, the result of a cloudburst that struck in this vicinity early Tuesday. No lives have been reported lost.

SALISBURY IS DEAD

King Edward Pays a Tribute to the Marquis and Former Premier of Great Britain.

CONDOLENCE MESSAGES POUR IN.

In the Death of Lord Salisbury Passes the Greatest Englishman of the Day.

The Funeral Has Been Provisionally Fixed For the End of This Week to Enable Lord Edward Cecil to Assist.

London, Aug. 24.—Lord Salisbury, last of the great statesmen of the past generation, is dead under the burden of his advanced age.

Lord Salisbury had been ill since early last winter, but his condition was not regarded as serious until in the beginning of the present month. According to the medical journals he suffered from internal paralysis, which developed from the illness following the death of his wife in 1899. Notwithstanding his illness, he had persisted in working until he was forced to take to his bed.

In the death of Lord Salisbury passes the greatest Englishman of the day. Ten years ago half the nation only would have asserted so much; to-day all Britain recognizes him as such.

The newspapers Monday morning, some of which appear with black borders, devote the bulk of their space to the last hours and career of the marquis of Salisbury. In their editorials they pay warm tributes and express deep admiration for the dead man, recognizing that with him there

In the gale Tuesday afternoon two women lost their lives in Jamaica bay. They were Mrs. John Holm and her sister, Miss Ragna M. Rasmussen, of Brooklyn. They went sailing in a cat boat with Mr. Holm and the boat was upset about half a mile off shore. In the heavy sea that was running all three found it impossible to reach the boat and finally Holm started to swim ashore. He was picked up by a sail boat. The two women were taken from the water by a party in a steam launch, but they died without regaining consciousness.

A terrible northwest wind and electrical storm struck Sandy Hook shortly after 5 o'clock Tuesday and Shamrock III, and Reliance and a fleet of half a dozen fine yachts, including the Erin, C. Oliver Iselin's Sunbeam and the Herreshoff's Roamer were in great danger for a time.

The yacht Eureka, breaking from her anchorage, was blown violently against a coal scow and carried the scow before it. It seemed for a time that the two boats would crash into Shamrock III, which lay almost in the path of the gale not a hundred yards away. The Roamer, which was dangerously near the Shamrock, began to drag her anchor and despite the efforts to hold her drifted down rapidly. Suddenly she swung against the Sunbeam and then getting a chance to be free her engines managed to get away from the danger line.

The two steam yachts, the Giraldia and the Allita, anchored further out in the horseshoe, were torn from their anchorage and came into bow and stern collision. The bowsprit of one crashed through the stern of the other and the two, thus locked, drifted before the wind dangerously near to the challenger. The tug Cruiser saved them, pulling them apart and away from the other boats.

The parish church was crowded Sunday morning, the worshippers including Premier Balfour, the earl and countess of Selborne, the marquis' sons and the members of his family and household.

Lord William Cecil, the rector of the church, officiated, but beyond choice music and appropriate hymns the service was of the usual character.

The senior curate in his sermon paid a tribute to the deceased, specially dwelling on his private virtues and his devotion to the church. In the conclusion of the discourse the whole congregation rose and remained standing while the organist played the Dead March in Saul. The funeral has been provisionally fixed for the end of this week to enable Lord Edward Cecil, who is on his way home from Egypt, to assist.

The Hanna Mine Explosion.

Rawlins, Wyo., Aug. 24.—The Union Pacific Co. has made a settlement with the estates of 41 miners who lost their lives in the Hanna mine explosion of June 30. The sum of \$800 will be paid to each widow and \$50 to each child and \$45 for each single man.

A Week's Business Failures.

New York, Aug. 22.—Business failures in the United States for the week ending with August 20 number 166, against 160 last week, 181 in the like week of 1902, 181 in 1901, 135 in 1900.

In Canada failures for the week number 14 as against 17 last week.

Stabbed With a Hatpin.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 22.—F. B. McArthur, a stockman of Saco, Mont., was probably fatally stabbed Friday in the stomach with a hatpin by a woman, who thought that Mr. McArthur had brushed a little feather dust in her face.

Chas. M. Schwab's Purchase.

New York, Aug. 24.—Charles M. Schwab, with C. H. Matthiessen, is now in control of the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co. Mr. Schwab has obtained control of the company by the purchase of the holdings of Max Pam and his friends.

His Busy Day.

Customer (to printer)—You promised to have my work done yesterday, and you haven't touched it yet.

Printer—My dear sir, we've been so busy in this office that you ought to be very thankful that we took the time to make you a promise.

Fully Explained.

"Say, pa."

"Well?"

"What's a favorite son?"

"He's generally a dead one after the first ballot."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Love in Lapland.

In Lapland the crime which, after murder, is punished with the greatest severity is that of marrying a girl against the wishes of her parents. When a suitor makes his appearance he says nothing to the maiden, who often does not know who he is, but her parents inform her that she is sought in marriage. Shortly afterward, on a day appointed, the girl, her parents, friends and suitor all meet together at a feast, and the young man and maiden are placed opposite, so that they can look at each other freely and can talk with comfort. After the meal is over the company repair to an open space, where the race for a wife is run. The usual distance is about a quarter of a mile, and the girl is placed a third of the distance from the starting point. If she be fleet of foot she can easily reach the goal before her suitor, and in that case he may never trouble her again. If, however, he has found favor in her eyes, all she has to do is to lag somewhat in her flight, so that he may overtake her. If she desires to intimate to him that his love for her is returned she may run a little way and then turn with open arms to accept him.

English For French Tongues.

Persons who have worried through "French Manual" may get some satisfaction from the thought that with their own language they are revenged upon the Parisian. "Methods AVEC Pronunciation" is a little book which makes straight the way of the English language for French tongues.

Does one wish to say, "How is it, miss, one so charming and pretty walking alone?" (which, of course, would be one of the first remarks a French traveler would have occasion to make) It is only necessary to consult the "Nouvelles Methodes": "Aou isite, miss, ouine ou tcharminngue annide pretti ouakinnngue alaune?" If the traveler goes to the theater the man at the box office may say, "Oui have ouil orches- tra stalls laite, beute allow me to rimerque sat se are se best site for sinngulee dgeentlemene." Evidently "th" is given up as a bad job, and "I" is as difficult for the Frenchman as for the German, though a German manual gives John Bull as "Dschnou Bool."

Great Mushroom Garden in France.

The strangest of the underground worlds in France which I visited was one devoted to the raising of mushrooms. Its limits seemed unbounded, as indeed they were, for it pierced the hillsides in every direction. We entered through an opening under an orchard of cherry trees. During "harvest time" a crop is gathered every twenty-four hours.

Three men, with their great baskets, make the rounds of this underground farm every morning, and every day in the year can count on an immense crop, which they ship to the large cities near by and even several miles away. The discolored and inferior mushrooms are sent to the canneries, but for his best growth the producer receives only 20 cents a pound.—Scribner's Magazine.

Flamingoes' Tongues.

The beastly Vitellus, as Gibbon calls him, spent at least six millions of money on table in as many months. He invented, or his cook invented for him, a dish which he designated "the Shield of Minerva." One of its principal ingredients was flamingoes' tongues, of which both Pilny and Martial speak in encomiastic terms. Dampier says that the flamingoes have "large tongues, and near the root is a piece of fat which is accounted a great dainty."

When Captain Owen was surveying the east coast of Africa his sailors shot down hundreds of these beautiful birds in order, with an extravagance worthy of Vitellus, to make a dish of the tongues alone.

Historic Albania.



"**T**HAT will do now, Babe," said the animal trainer, extricating himself from the serpentine embrace of a great black trunk.

"She's very playful, Babe, is," he added, somewhat breathlessly, which was natural, for Babe and her mate had been playing ball with him, throwing him from one to the other and catching him beautifully in a manner calculated to inspire a baseball rooter. "She's a good deal friskier than Basil. You see, she's only half as old as Basil, who is 60 this year."

Babe was stamping her foot, just like an infant, and demanding more play. Frank Healey, the trainer, patted her on the trunk and said: "I guess she won't be contented now till Evan comes around. He's my son, you know, and he can do more with these two fellows than I can."

So he sailed forth to find Evan, and his visitors went with him, expecting to see a big, husky animal trainer like



EVAN AND BASIL

his father. But all they saw was a yellow head full of curly peering shily from behind a tree and vanishing as soon as the strangers approached.

Dragged forth finally by the arm, with his face turned bashfully away, aged Evan, aged four years and 11 months, master of the elephants.

In the doorway of the elephant house the parental grasp relaxed and with a dive Evan got between the mighty wrinkled pillars that supported Babe.

That playful young creature had her vast ears thrust forward like immense banners. Her piggy eyes were all a-twinkle. She gurgled deep down in her caverns like a mountain full of gurgling hot water.

Gently, ever so gently, her big trunk with its pink orifice reached out and seized the little chap. Slowly she rocked him to and fro while he sat, holding to the trunk as calmly as other children would hold to the ropes of a swing. But Basil wanted a bit of it, too. She reached and pranced and trumpeted until Babe swung Evan over to her. A toss, and a catch, and Basil had the boy. Back and forth they swung him like a ball, but with care and gentleness that seemed impossible in creatures so huge.

A mated word from Healey, and Basil lifted the little golden-haired trainer up, up, until she held him ten feet above the ground. Then the trunk curved backwards and set him as softly as if he were bisque on her big back. He sat there a few moments, slapping the leathery skin down the sloping back to the tail, swinging from it as if it were a rope, and let himself drop to the ground, while Basil and Babe trumpeted and wagged their ears, watching for him to appear between their legs again.

"Safe?" said Mr. Healey. "Why, of course. I'd rather have Evan play with

the elephants than with other children. They take as good care of him as any nurse could. Every morning they are restless till he comes. And as for him, he is always in here. He plays among their feet and lets them swing him up on their backs all day long. They wouldn't stop on him, no indeed. They take more care not to hurt him than a human being would. See here."

He lifted the boy up to Babe's left ear and commanded: "Listen, Babe. Something to say to you."

Babe stuck her ear out and inclined her head toward the boy, while he talked into her ear. Then she nodded her head wisely and grunted.

Healey dropped the boy. Evan stepped alongside of Babe and slapped her on the leg as high up as he could reach, which wasn't higher than a short man's knee. "Down, Babe, down," he said. Babe looked at him with a funny look of appeal in her eye. She wiggled her tail and flirted her trunk and turned her head away, saying plainly, "Let's talk of something else." But the baby trainer was insistent. And Babe sighed—a rumbling, roaring sigh, as if a steam engine were to whisper: "Oh, my!"

Then, with a weary grunt, she held her trunk out to him coaxingly. But Evan only patted it and cried shrilly: "Down, Babe, I say." So Babe, looking as if she had no friend on earth, grunted once more and dropped laboriously to her fore knees. With another plunge that shook the elephant house she let herself fall cumbrously on her side, and stuck her four feet into the air. Then she held out her trunk and wiggled her upturned ear. Evan scrambled with hands and knees up her massive, throbbing side and perched himself, a little bright spot, on top of the great tonnage of black flesh.

Then Basil had to go through the performance and she, too, begged Evan to let her off, but finally did what she was bidden like a lamb. Each elephant at once searched his clothes for sugar when he let her get up.

"Basil," said Mr. Healey, "is one of the biggest elephants in America now. She is a little more than nine feet high, and Babe is almost as big, but 30 years younger. Basil and Evan have been friends almost since Evan was born. He was born in Willis Avenue, New York, and when he was only a few months old we came to Glen Island and ever since then Evan and the elephants have played together. When we first came here Basil learned to wheel Evan around in the baby carriage, and it soon got so that we could turn her loose with the little one and feel that he was safer in the protection of his great nurse than he would have been under the care of any human attendant.

While the trainer was speaking the big brutes were jostling each other to reach Evan and tap him with their trunks. He stood between their legs, leaning against them, and the elephants never moved a limb without looking and feeling to make sure that they would not step on him. It wasn't possible to see a bit of him when he got well behind one of the huge legs, but he was the master of the elephants for all that—Kipling's Toomai in real life.

He gets his love for animals legitimately, for his father has made many trips to Asia and Africa to get wild animals for American shows, besides having been a collector of snakes and big reptiles in Cuba and South America. He has been an unusually successful animal trainer almost all his life, and Evan has made up his mind that he will become one, too.—N. Y. Letter in Kansas City Star.

ONE ON THE GROCER.

Bow State Johnny Smartdeck Learned His Way Ahead in the Arithmetic Class.

He walked into the grocery store with a slip of paper in his hand, and the grocer at once produced his pencil and order book, for the boy's mother was a good customer.

"Good morning," said the boy, whose early head scarcely reached to the counter. "I want three and a half pounds of sugar. It's six cents a pound, ain't it? And rice is eight? I want two and a quarter pounds of that. And a quarter pound of your 70-cent tea, and two and a fifth pounds of your 25-cent coffee, and three pints of milk. That's eight cents a quart, isn't it? And please give me the bill," he ended breathlessly, "for I have to get to school."

The grocer made out the bill, wondering at the quickness of the order, and handed it to the boy, asking as he did so:

"Did your mother send the money, or does she want the goods charged?"

The boy seized the bill and said with a sign of satisfaction:

"Ma didn't send me at all. It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."

And as he ran out the grocer opened the cigar case and handed out smokes to the men who were there.

"It's on me," he said. "Say, there's more than one way to skin an eel, isn't there?"—N. Y. Times.

Law Against Prairie Dogs.
A law for the extermination of prairie dogs has been passed by the Texas legislature.

SAVED BY HIS DOG.

Bruce Brought Relief to His Master Who Was Buried Under a Load of Wood.

Frank Mullen, a wood hauler, of Joplin, Kan., has his faithful dog to thank for his life. He was hauling wood from Shoal creek, near Joplin, one day last month, when his wagon partially broke down under a big load. He had to crawl under the wagon to make repairs. He knew it was dangerous, but he took the risk. While he was working the wagon completely gave way, and Mullen was buried under a pile of cordwood. He was not hurt, but was imprisoned so he could not escape. He was in a secluded part of the wood, and his chances seemed good for starving to death. Finally he beat himself of his dog. Calling him—"Go home, Bruno!" he commanded. The dog obeyed, and the morning after the accident occurred Mrs. Mullen, who had worried all night about her husband's absence, was attracted to the door by the dog's scratching and howling. When she opened the door she noticed he had an end out of one of his shoulders. He had been hit there by a stick from the falling load. Mrs. Mullen, who had worried all night, and, ordering the dog to return to his master, set out, following him. The dog led her directly to where Mullen was, several miles distant, and, with the aid of the man who accompanied her, Mrs. Mullen was able to extricate her husband. He was half starved, but unhurt.

Onion Juice Beats Paste.
A law for the extermination of prairie dogs has been passed by the Texas legislature.

MICE MADE TO WORK.

Colony of Tiny Creatures Compelled by Thrifty Soot to Earn Their Living.

Thrifty is generally acknowledged to be one of the leading characteristics of the natives of Fifeshire, and it never was more forcibly exemplified than in the person of David Hutton, a native of Dumferline, who actually proved that even mice, those acknowledged pests of mankind, could be made not only to earn their own living, but also to yield a respectable income to their owners, says the Edinburgh Statesman.

About the year 1820 this gentleman actually erected a small mill at Dumferline for the manufacture of thread—a mill worked entirely by mice. It was while visiting Perth prison in 1812 that Mr. Hutton first conceived this remarkable idea of utilizing mouse power. In an old pamphlet of the time, "The Curiosity Coffee-Room," he gave an account of the way in which the idea dawned on him.

"In the summer of the year 1812," he wrote: "I had occasion to be in Perth, and when inspecting the toys and trinkets that were manufactured by the French prisoners in the depot there my attention was involuntarily attracted by a little toyhouse with a wheel in the gable of it that was running rapidly round, impelled by the insignificant gravity of a common house mouse. I was compelled to contemplate its favorite amusement. But how to apply half-ounce power (which is the weight of a mouse) to a useful purpose was the difficulty. At length the manufacturing of sewing thread seemed the most practicable."

Mr. Hutton had one mouse that ran the amazing distance of 18 miles a day, but he proved that an ordinary mouse could run 10½ miles on an average. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal was sufficient for its support for 35 days, during which it ran 736 half-miles. He had actually two mice constantly employed in the making of sewing thread for more than a year. The mouse threadmill was so constructed that the common house mouse was enabled to make atonement to society for past offenses by twisting, twining and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day, Sundays not excepted.

To perform this task the little pedestrian had to run 10½ miles, and this journey it performed with ease every day. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal served one of these threadmill culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it made 3,350 threads of 25 inches, and as a penny was paid to women for every hank made in the ordinary way the mouse, at that rate, earned nine pence every six weeks, just one farthing a day, or seven shillings six pence a year. Taking sixpence off for board and allowing one shilling for machinery and soot, to society for past offenses by twisting, twining and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day, Sundays not excepted.

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Mr. Hutton firmly intended to apply for the loan of the empty cathedral in Dunferline, which would have held,

he calculated, 10,000 mouse mills, sufficient rooms being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators. Death, however, overtook the inventor before this marvelous project could be carried out.

ELECTRICITY IN THE BODY.

Certain Forms of Muscular Rheumatism Said to Be Caused by the Fluid.

It may strike you as rather strange to be told that at times your body is nothing less than a dynamo, fully charged with electricity. Nevertheless, according to Sir James Grant, an eminent English physician, as a result of sudden draughts, and the contraction of ordinary colds, the human body becomes charged with electricity to a surprising degree.

The electricity generated under such circumstances is not to be despised, says a writer in the Detroit Tribune. It is of just as good a quality as that derived from the regular electric battery, although, of course, its quantity is too insignificant to be utilized for any practical purpose.

The main effect upon the victim is to make his muscles hard and tense, a fact which often leads him to imagine that he is suffering from some kind of muscular rheumatism. Indeed, physicians, after a superficial examination, sometimes diagnose the case in the same way. The trouble, however, is simply that the muscles have become charged with electricity to an unusual degree.

Not less strange than the ailment itself is the remedy adopted by Sir James Grant some years ago, and now followed by many other physicians. Sir James has been in the habit of treating these supposed cases of muscular rheumatism by inserting fine steel needles into the affected parts, the number of needles depending upon the extent of the ailment. The needles, as a general rule, are inserted in the places where the pain is most intense, and are left there for one or two minutes. The effect is magical. At the expiration of the proper time the patient finds that his muscles, which before were as hard and as tense as though he had "caught a cramp," are quite flexible, and he can use them without pain.

The reason of this cure is simple. As soon as the needles are inserted, the electrical accumulation is discharged, passing through the body of the operator, although without causing him any discomfort.

Facts and Figures.
Tom—I had my fortune told the other day and my fiancee broke off the engagement.

Jack—Why, is she a believer in such nonsense?

"Nonsense nothing! It was told her by a mercantile agency."—Chicago Daily News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for August 30, 1903—David Spares Saul.

G Sam., 26:5-12, 21-25.
5. And David arose, and came to the place where Saul had pitched; and David behind the place where Saul lay, and Abner the son of Ner, the captain of his host; and Saul lay in the trench, and the people pitched round about him.

6. Then answered David, and said to Abimelech the Hittite, and to Abishai the son of Zeruiah, brother to Joab, saying, Who will go down with me to Saul to the camp? And Abishai said, I will go down with thee.

7. So David and Abishai came to the people by night; and, behold, Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster; and Abner and the people lay round about him.

8. Then said Abishai to David, God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day; now therefore let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time.

9. And David said to Abishai, Destroy him not; for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?

10. David said furthermore, As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him, or his day shall come to die; or he shall descend into battle, and perish.

11. The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed; but, I pray thee, take thou now the spear that is at his bolster, and the shield of water, and let us go.

12. So David took the spear and the shield of water from Saul's bolster; and they gat them away, and no man saw it, nor knew it, neither awaked; for they were asleep; because a deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them.

13. Then Saul said to David, Blessed be thou, my son David, thou shalt both do great things, and also shalt both prevail. So David went on his way, and Saul returned to his place.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.

Outline of Scripture Section.

David an exile.....1 Sam. 21-22. Saul's pursuit of David.....1 Sam. 22-24. David sparing Saul.....1 Sam. 26:6-12. David's appeal to Saul.....1 Sam. 26:13-20. Saul's repentance.....1 Sam. 26:21-22. TIME—Probably about 1060 B. C.

PLACE—Gath and Keilah.

David, the popular hero, is an exile. Not a man in all Israel is so beloved, yet he has to leave his wife and home, and become an outlaw. The jealous hatred of King Saul is irreconcilable, and Jonathan, his best friend, advises him to give up all hope of returning to court. Whither shall he flee? Not to Ramah or to Bethlehem. He would quickly be reduced to either place, and neither Jesse nor Samuel could protect him long. So he turns his steps southward, toward the land of his bitterest enemies.

Saul's anger was not appeased by David's departure from court. He now avowedly seeks his life. Hearing of David's exploit of rescuing the city of Keilah from the Philistines, Saul pursues him there with the royal army; but David and his little band elude him. Then the enraged king hunts David for many months, through the wildernesses of Ziph, Maon and En-gedi, but is unable to capture him, though once the king himself falls a prisoner to David in the cave of En-gedi, and David with surprising graciousness allows him to depart unharmed.

Informed by the Ziphites of David's whereabouts, Saul comes with an army of 3,000 men and encamps at Hachilah. "Abner the son of Ner!"—Saul's uncle (see 14:50). "Within the place of the wagons!" Not "trench" as in the old version, but referring to the wagons and baggage which formed a barricade about the camp. "Who will go?" It was and is customary to ask for volunteers for specially hazardous service.

"Abishai!" Son of Zeruiah, David's sister, and one of David's most gallant adherents. Entering the enemy's camp at night was a perilous adventure, but David had served long enough under Saul to know him pretty well. He had placed no pickets on guard. "His spear . . . at his head!" Not "bolster" as in the old version, but literally "the place where his head is." Even to-day in Arab camps, the sheik's spear is thus placed. "Jehovah's anointed!" The origin of the troublesome doctrine: "The divine right of kings" to govern wrong. "David took the spear." Perhaps the very weapon that Saul in his madness had hurled at him.

David, by his merciful treatment of his enemy, conquered him. He overcame evil with good. Apparently Saul's feeling toward him changed. Yet the astute David trusted him not. There was a ring of falsehood in his verbose confession of foolish sinfulness, which warned David to keep out of his reach. So, in spite of Saul's profession of good-will to his son David, each went his own way, distrusting the other.

shot and shell.

Actual liberty centers in essential loyalty.

Subtle temptations need swift resistance.

Heaven oft takes in what earth casts out.

It takes a great man to comprehend himself.

When Christ is the alphabet life becomes God's literature.

A truly great name was never bought at the price of a good one.

The wind of words will not carry the flying machine of pride over the walls of repentance.—Ram's Horn.

NECESSARY EXPENDITURES FOR ONE TERM—12 Weeks.

SCHOOL EXPENSES—due first day of term.
College, Acad. &

Eastern Kentucky News

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly

JACKSON COUNTY.
MCKEE.

Dr. G. C. Goodman, of Welchburg, who is in the hospital at Louisville being treated, writes his friends that he is getting along very well. His doctors think his trouble is intestinal indigestion instead of appendicitis, as it has been thought to be. He now thinks that an operation will not be necessary.—Steps are being taken to organize and build a bank at this place. It will be a great accommodation to the people of the entire county, and help to build up our little town.—An extension of our telephone line to Berea is greatly needed. Plans have been laid to build it, but it looks like they are a little slow in developing.

KERY KNOB.

We are having a great deal of sickness now.—John Deane, who began teaching the town school at McKee, came home last week and immediately took down with typhoid fever.—Mrs. Cora A. Smith, of McKee, passed through here last week on her way to Berea, expecting to return the following Tuesday, but we are very sorry to learn that instead she was taken to the hospital with typhoid fever.—Mrs. P. S. Dearborn, of Butler, who joined her husband at that place a few days ago, returned home Saturday because of illness.—Messrs. Boskins and Landrum, of Cincinnati, are here on business. They are traveling in the Southern States in search of timber. The stave mill, which was set up on Owsley hill three years ago, has been moved near the upper end of the county.—Rev. James Parsons, of Berea, began a revival at the Baptist church Saturday night: we hope that ere the meetings close many souls will be born into God's Kingdom.—Jim Bicknell, of Berea, filled his appointment at Cave Spring church Sunday.—Miss M. Etta Gay attended services at this place Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. Monday, of Kingston are attending church and visiting here this week.—Dr. Dougherty, Jr., has gone to Valley View to relatives before resuming his studies at Louisville.—Miss Eloise Partridge visited friends last week.

OWSLEY COUNTY.
GABBARD.

Some of our boys are picking off the squirrels from the hickory trees.—C. B. Gabbard is having a well drilled.—Mr. Wilson will soon have H. H. Rice's dwelling ready for occupation.—Uel Wilder has bought a sheep with five legs and six feet, intending to take it to the London fair.—Miss Ida McCollum, who is teaching no Cow Creek, paid home folks a visit last Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.
ROCKFORD.

J. J. Martin went to Mt. Vernon Monday on business.—M. B. McGuire was on Scaffold Cane Saturday.—C. H. Todd has moved his shingle mill near his father, Daddy Todd's, on Scaffold Cane, and saws from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a thousand.—A number of our people here and from Cow Creek are planning to attend the fair at London, which begins on the 26th of this month.—The school at Grassy Branch with S. A. Gabbard and the one at this place with Meredith Gabbard as teachers are both having a fair attendance.—There is quite a number of children in this district sick with something like tonsilitis. Your correspondent and brother Elmer are suffering from the same disease.—Born to the wife of P. H. Gabbard, a boy. It does not weigh more than 1,000 pounds.—S. A. and Meredith Gabbard attended the Teacher's Association of Booneville and Buck Creek districts at Elk Lick Saturday.—C. H. Moore, our young doctor, is having some practice in and about here. He has been attending patients on Wolf Creek. We wish him success in his work.—The extra session of Circuit Court which convened at Booneville last week and this week adjourned yesterday, the jury having rendered over 100 indictments. The criminal cases against Caywood and the Allen boys were continued. Clay Combs, county clerk of Owsley, was sentenced two years to the penitentiary for failing to comply with the law in regard to the ballots used in a primary election. He has

been granted a new hearing on his case.

BOONE.

Rev. J. W. Lambert filled his appointment at East Scaffold Cane Saturday.—It is reported that B. A. Riddle and James Hayes Jr., got into a fight over the election Saturday at Conway, and Hays shot Riddle.—H. Lambert, of this place, started to Lee county Monday morning to get out staves for the Hunnes Corrige Co.—J. H. Lambert and wife and Bettie and Martha Lambert visited Mrs. Jno. Lambert Sunday.—Mrs. Lue Singleton, who has been visiting in this neighborhood for some time, will go to her home at Scaffold Cane this week.—We are needing rain very much in this locality.—Wm. Kerby, who has been sick with fever for some time, is reported some better.—Maie Owens, of Clear Creek, is visiting Mrs. Etta Lambert this week.—G. L. Wren, who has been sick for some time, is getting better.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson McKinzie on Aug. 13, a 12, pound boy.—Frank Parker and family will move to Berea the first of September.

MADISON COUNTY.
WALLACETON.

Tom Pigg and Miss Rebecca Collins were married at the home of the bride Aug. 20th.—Linch Nickerson and Uriah Hudson, of Dreyfus, were the guests of G. B. Gabbard and family Saturday and Sunday.—Miss Alice Lawson is very sick at her home with malarial fever.—Charlie Rogers, of Indianapolis, Ind., who has been visiting relatives here for several weeks, returned home Saturday, accompanied by his cousin Willie Rogers.—Misses Mabel and Ethel Baker and brother Arthur, of Springfield, Ohio, are visiting their grandfather James Baker and other relatives this week.—The meetings conducted by Rev. Lunsford are progressing nicely with large attendance.—Walker Reynolds and wife have moved to Wallacetown. Mrs. Reynolds is the daughter of Rev. Lunsford and will assist in her father's store.—Gib Gaffney and family visited Jeff. Davis and family Sunday.—Miss Lucy Cade is visiting her sister Mrs. N. Ogg this week.—John Cade and Nato Ogg are attending the Tate Creek Association this week.—Miss Dovie Kiunard, of Berea, is the guest of Miss Eliza Weaver this week.—Miss Mary Botkins is visiting her uncle Felix Esbridge and family this week.—Miss Lucy Wyatt, of Berea, was the guest of Miss Mary Ogg Friday and Saturday.

GARRARD COUNTY.
CARTERSVILLE.

Your correspondent was absent last week, hence the disappointment to some of our neighbors.—Very hot and dry at present.—J. C. Napier sold his farm to Elias and John M. Smith for \$8,000 cash, possession to be given Jan. 1st. Mr. Napier has not decided on a location as yet. We are sorry to lose such good neighbors. We wish him success wherever he may go. Our loss is another's gain.—Miss Lucy Bailey, who has been spending the summer with Miss Mildy Napier, has returned to her home.—Miss Bessie Smith will take in the London fair.—James Elmore and Thomas Austin of Lancaster, made A. J. Hammack a short visit Sunday. We are glad to see Mr. Austin out again after his long confinement with a broken leg.—Miss Mary Hammack has improved very much, and we hope she will soon recover.—Grandma Redwine is very poorly, having been confined to her bed for several weeks. Supposed cause, old age.—The farmers are about through threshing wheat in this community. The yield is better than expected.

Cholera Infantum.

This disease has lost its terrors since Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy came into general use. The uniform success which attends the use of this remedy in all cases of bowel complaints in children has made it a favorite wherever its value has become known. For sale by S. E. Welch, Jr.

The military force at Jackson is to be reduced to twenty-five men, the order taking effect on Friday. The reduction was decided upon at a conference between Adj't. Gen. Murray and Gov. Beckham yesterday.

Kentucky State News Items.

CALEB POWERS' CASE CLOSED.

Arguments to the Jury Began at 9 O'Clock Wednesday Morning.

Georgetown, Ky., Aug. 26.—The case of Caleb Powers was formally closed late Tuesday afternoon. The argument to the jury began Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. Judge Robbins has limited it to 11 hours on a side and will hold night sessions of court to rush this part of the trial. The case will go to the jury about 4 o'clock Friday afternoon and an early decision of it is anticipated.

The attorneys determined Tuesday night to have three speeches on the commonwealth side, two of four hours and one of three hours, and the defense to have four speeches. The prosecution speakers will be Attorneys John K. Hendrick, Thos. G. Campbell and States Attorney Robert B. Franklin. The defense speakers will be Attorneys J. R. Morton, D. K. Rawlings, Samuel Wilson and Caleb Powers, the defendant.

The instructions of the court to the jury, to be given before argument begins, will be along the lines of those heretofore given by Judge Cantrell, and as modified by the court of appeals.

The defense Tuesday formally moved to exclude portions of the evidence relative to the coming of the mountain men as witnesses to Frankfort and the court overruled it. Powers' attorneys, who offered a number of instructions, narrowing those of former trials considerably and excluding this defendant even of Youtsay, Taylor and Howard, be deemed guilty.

The prosecution Tuesday offered 28 rebuttal witnesses to material but small testimony offered on the side of the defense.

ARSENICAL POISONING.

One Woman Will Die and Others Are Seriously Ill.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 26.—Mrs. Fannie Land will probably die and her daughter, Miss Mattie Land, and Enoch and Palmer Gore are seriously ill as a result of arsenical poisoning. The poison was administered by some one as yet unknown to the police, the indications being that it was mixed with the coffee consumed by the quartette when the young men took dinner Tuesday with Mrs. Land and her daughter. A younger daughter was the only one present who was not poisoned. Enoch Gore has figured in a poisoning case before. Two years ago he was arrested on the charge of aiding in the murder of Edward Lambert, a soldier returning from the Philippines, who died as the result of cocaine poisoning. Gore was discharged for lack of evidence, his alleged accomplice, Jennie Ashcraft, having died in prison while serving a sentence for the crime.

Found Dead in His Room.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 26.—H. P. Robinson, aged 25, was found dead in a room at the Leland hotel Tuesday morning. He had swallowed an ounce of carbolic acid, and had probably been dead since Monday afternoon, he having secured the room at about 4 o'clock. He was a nephew of George Lunsford, democratic nominee for circuit clerk of Scott county, and the late Gen. James F. Robinson, of this place.

Bill Raisers in Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 26.—United States secret service men believe that bill raisers are plying their trade throughout this section of the country. The Cincinnati police report several arrests, and the local authorities have taken into custody two Negroes who attempted to pass raised \$1 notes.

Quarreled About a Woman.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 26.—The will of the late Thomas F. Hargis, once chief justice of the court of appeals, was probated Tuesday morning. According to Judge Hargis' will his estate is worth \$500,000, which he provides shall go to his children after the death of his wife.

Wanted in Kentucky.

Walla Walla, Wash., Aug. 26.—On a warrant from Kentucky Mrs. Nina Thompson Langford was arrested on the charge of arson, alleged to have been committed in Kentucky three years ago. The officers of the state have been on her track ever since that time.

Quiet at Jackson.

Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 26.—Adj't. Gen. Murray Tuesday communicated with Capt. C. W. Longmire, in command of the state troops at Jackson, in regard to the reports of disorder at Jackson. Capt. Longmire replied as follows: "The situation is quiet."

Postmistress Elopement.

Sergent, Ky., Aug. 26.—Henry Webb, 27, of Pine Creek, eloped with Mrs. Catherine Bowling, 30, postmistress at Margaret, and they were married by Circuit Court Clerk J. A. Craft. It was the bride's second venture in the matrimonial line.

The Heat in Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 26.—Four prostrations from heat were reported Tuesday. The maximum Monday was 96 and Tuesday 91.

WANT JETT TO CONFESS.

Relations Will Plead With Him Tuesday to Tell What He Knows.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 25.—Influence is being brought to bear on Curtis Jett, the condemned murderer of Attorney J. B. Marcum, to get him to confess to the murder and give the names of those who are responsible for his death. Jett has recently received a letter from an uncle living in Tennessee urging him to make a full confession and let the people who are really behind the assassinations suffer for the crime. Jett has given no signs of weakening since his conviction and will not discuss his trial or conviction only to say that he is not guilty of the murder of Marcum.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 25.—Relatives of Jett will be here Tuesday, it is believed, to secure a confession if possible from him.

Jett's mother visited him in his cell Monday afternoon and gave him a new suit of clothes.

NEW WITNESSES.

Prosecution in the Powers Case Has About 30 More to Examine.

Georgetown, Ky., Aug. 25.—About 30 new witnesses were recognized and sworn on the convening of court in the Powers trial Monday, and it looks as if the case will not close and the arguments begin before Thursday. The new commonwealth witnesses are to be used in rebuttal of the testimony of Jim Howard, W. H. Lilly and others, and to prove the character of the defense witness, Max Lewis, of Louisville.

The Powers jury returned from Frankfort at 6 o'clock Monday evening and court was immediately adjourned for the day. The defense will present its final witnesses before noon Tuesday. Rebuttal testimony of the commonwealth will occupy the rest of the day and argument to the jury will be begun Wednesday.

THE COURT DUCKED.

A Prisoner Struck at Judge Stirman With a Chair.

Owensboro, Ky., Aug. 25.—Robert Harmon, a prisoner in the city court, assaulted Judge J. S. Stirman while the latter was on the bench Monday. Harmon had been fined, and while sentence was being passed Harmon seized a chair and brought it down with all his strength. The honorable court ducked, and the chair struck the box in which he sat. Three police officers overpowered Harmon, and he was sent to the dungeon for 36 hours.

Special Train Load of Horses. Georgetown, Ky., Aug. 25.—Robert H. Anderson left Monday for New York with a special train of 180 horses from his own, McMeekin's Oakwood and Col. Milt Young's McGrathiana studs. Among the number is a half-brother of Dick Welles, which will be offered with the others in the New York auction sales next week.

He Used His Feet.

Newport, Ky., Aug. 25.—As the result of a spirit of bravado, Albert King, aged 2, son of Fireman King, is confined to his bed with burned feet, and a pie newly baked by his mother was the cause of it. The pie was placed on a table where Albert was, and he attempted to stamp a hole in it with both his little bare feet.

Wealthy Distiller Dead. Owensboro, Ky., Aug. 25.—J. W. M. Field, a wealthy distiller, died Monday morning of heart disease, aged 59. He had been in the distilling business for 30 years. He was the builder of the Owensboro, Falls of Rough and Green River railroad, now a part of the Illinois Central system.

Accidentally Shot Her Cousin. Lawrenceburg, Ky., Aug. 25.—News was received here Monday of the tragic shooting of Becky Rosemoore, a pretty 18-year-old girl, near her home in the western part of the county, by her 17-year-old cousin, Sallie Sparrow, who was fooling with a rifle.

Victim of an Assassin. Jackson, Ky., Aug. 25.—It is reported from Athol that Breck Jones, a young farmer of Lee county, was found dead Monday morning in an ivy patch near his home with a bullet through his brain. The indications are that he was assassinated.

Opinion on All Quarries. Bowling Green, Ky., Aug. 25.—Waldo Avery, of Saginaw, Mich., and his partner, Roberts, of Port Huron, with a combined wealth of \$23,000,000, have a 30-day option on all the stone quarries in this county. The capitalists will be here Thursday.

Settlement is in Sight. Ashland, Ky., Aug. 25.—As a result of conferences between officials of the Ashland Sheet Mill Co. and the executive board of the Amalgamated association it is believed that the strike that has been on for the past eight months will be settled.

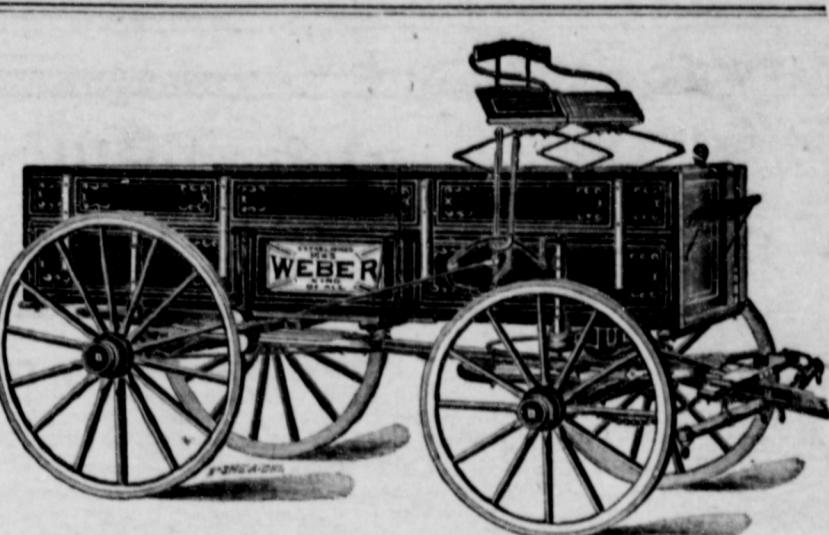
Kentucky Charters.

Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 25.—The following companies filed articles of incorporation Monday: Bank Fancy Farm, Graves county, capital \$15,000; Kentucky Plow Fender Manufacturing Co., Hancock, capital \$10,000.

Secretary Vreeland's Call.

Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 25.—Secretary Hubert Vreeland Monday called a meeting of the state board of election commissioners to be held here on August 29 to name the county boards of election commissioners.

India exported 19,212,155 bushels of wheat during the last season.



ANOTHER CARLOAD!

Why do WEBER WAGONS sell so well?

Because you never saw one broken down.

Because they are all good ones.

Because they cost less than others.

BECAUSE! BECAUSE! BECAUSE!! ETC!!

GET ONE.

See our BARGAINS IN BUGGIES.

BICKNELL & EARLY,

Berea, Ky.



Handkerchiefs Perfumed Free from our full line of Walter Pratt & Co's perfumery and toilet preparations. None better.

Beautiful art pictures given to buyers of these goods.

EAST END DRUG CO.

This space has been

purchased by

The Students Job Print-
Printers of The Citizen.



WAIT FOR THE WAGON

Did you spend your childhood in the country?

The engineer with his hand on the throttle of the Empire Express. The admiral on the quarter-deck of a war ship, King Edward on the throne, may glow with pride and pleasure, but their feelings are tame in comparison with the unutterable delight that thrills the small boy, who is permitted unassisted to climb the wheel and perch on the seat of a STUDEBAKER WAGON. I am proud to sell it.

S. E. WELCH, JR.

SWOLLEN and TIRED FEET

Instantly Relieved, Quickly Cured

By the use of

Paracamph

A Soothing, Cooling, Healing Remedy

Reduces the Swelling, Removes all Soreness, Stops the Burning, Draws out Fever and Inflammation, Prevents Bad Odor, Stimulates the Circulation, Keeps the Feet Warm and Comfortable.

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